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The Latest Attempt on Mount Everest

By HUGH RUTTLEDGE

An account by the leader of the recent Everest Expedition of the fourth attempt to reach the highest point in the world. The broadcast by Mr. F. S. Smythe, who reached the greatest altitude unaccompanied, will be published next week

JUST over seven months ago the fourth Mount Everest Expedition left England. Now we are back again, safe and sound, but leaving the mountain still unconquered. For nearly three months we fought a literally uphill battle, but still those last thousand feet remain untrodden and unknown. Not quite unknown perhaps, for our high climbers have been very near, near enough to see the way up, to distinguish individual boulders close to the summit. But distance is a relative term; you could climb a thousand feet in half an hour among our British hills or in the Alps. But when you have already reached over 28,000 feet, to add another thousand to your tally is the very devil, even on easy ground. And the last thousand feet of Everest are anything but easy.

I cannot here describe in detail the various phases of the expedition; the long preparation, the 350-mile marches to and from Base Camp; even the details of the climbing operations. But try to visualise us arrived at Base Camp, on April 17. Everest, though twelve miles away, fills the southern horizon. The 300-odd pack-animals are rapidly unloaded; and their drivers thankfully take them off down the stony valley. A bitter wind is blowing straight off the mountain—a fair warning of what we must expect higher up. Our splendid porter-corps sets to work, under supervision, to stack the equipment and the hundreds of 3-ply cases in orderly lines. Up go the tents, and Base Camp becomes a place of comparative comfort. There is,

as yet, no running water. We dig holes through the ice of a little lake. A meagre ration of wood brought from miles away, together with yak-dung, form the only fuel available to the camp cooks. It makes our tea taste horrid. Our kerosine is carefully saved for the higher camps.

This time, we are not to be dependent for communication with the distant world on a slow service of despatch riders alone. We have, for the first time on an Everest Expedition, wireless equipment; and the signals officers work like demons unpacking and setting up their receiver and transmitter. The petrol engine for generating current has a hard life here, for it loses much power at a height of 16,800 feet, and has to run for five hours a day continuously.

Our plan this year was to acclimatise to altitude slowly, and to stock each successive camp on the East Rongbuk Glacier and on the mountain so thoroughly that we could not be driven out, whatever the weather might do. That is why we took a fortnight to establish Camps I, II, and III, whereas our predecessors in 1924 did it in three days. Probably some people think that, in consequence, we lost a good chance of going for the mountain earlier in the season. But it is not so. We arrived at Base Camp twelve days earlier than our predecessors, so had time in hand; moreover the cold on the mountain in early May would have produced a crop of frost-bites, and probably a disaster. The problem is, it is true, to get your assaults in before the monsoon breaks and covers Everest in deep

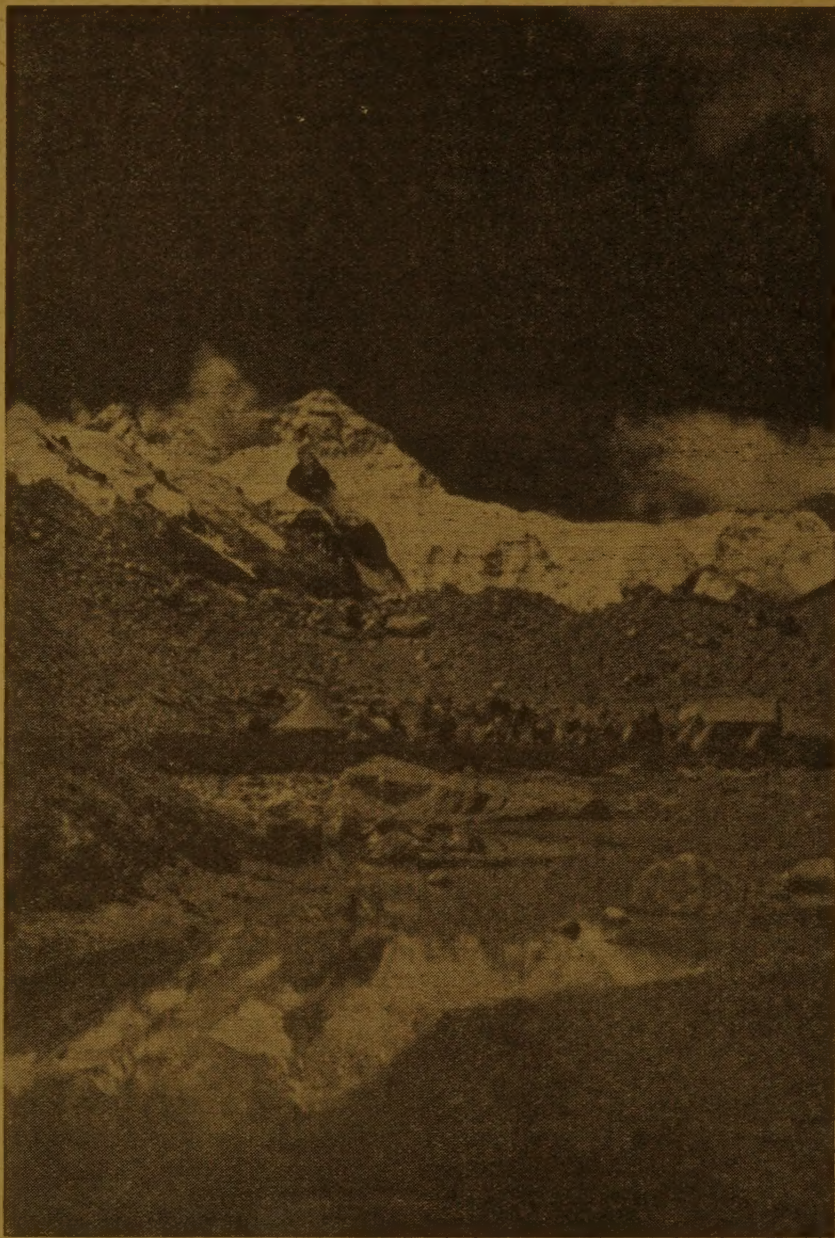
snow. We could not foresee what happened this year. In 1921 the monsoon broke on July 7; in 1922 on June 7; in 1924 on June 15. This year it reached the mountain on May 19; and right up to that date, and even after it, a series of disturbances was sending along blizzards from the West, which made all the camps from No. III at 21,000 feet, and upwards, anything but pleasant summer resorts. At Camp III itself we had temperatures of 53 degrees of frost, accompanied by high winds. But we never had to retreat during the operations, thanks to the double-skinned arctic tents, which kept us reasonably warm, whatever was happening outside. But when the struts of one of them at last broke under wind pressure at Camp IIIa, in the middle of the night, Greene and Wager had a jolly time making a temporary repair, while the snow drove at 80 miles an hour across the glacier.

The first serious mountaineering difficulty was, of course, the 1,200 foot wall of snow and ice which leads to the North Col. This had changed considerably since 1924, as the wall is really a very steep glacier, of which the ice is continually on the move downwards. The result is a series of crevasses and ice-cliffs, and the constant danger of avalanche. Seven men were killed here in 1922. So steep are the slopes that we found it necessary to attach fixed ropes to about 1,000 feet of the climb, so that laden porters could move up and down in reasonable safety. Rather more than half way up, there is an ice wall, some 40 feet high, slightly overhanging in its lower section, and vertical for several feet. Moreover, surface snow on the steep slopes above has a horrid habit of choosing this part as a funnel, so that the wretched climber got cold douches on his head while struggling up the rope-ladder which was fixed here. Smythe made the first ascent, backed up by Shipton. He had, of course, a desperate time, having to cut hand- as well as foot-holds in the hard ice and clinging on with one hand while using his axe with the other. The working parties generally took it in turns to lead, each man cutting steps for twenty minutes at a time while his companions drove in stakes and fixed ropes. They were constantly hunted down by gales, which filled every step with snow and gave

extra work next day. It was a heavy, bitter job, which took from May 7 to May 15, when Camp IV was established on an ice ledge 250 feet below the crest of the North Col. This ledge, so called for want of a better name, was the lower lip of a big crevasse, the upper lip of which towered 40 feet above us. The ledge itself was hump-backed, but it served to accommodate four tents of different sizes. You had to move about with a certain amount of caution here: one step too far on the right, and

you would fall into the blue depths of the crevasse. On the left, you might easily begin sliding down, then over an ice-cliff, down more slopes, over the ice wall, to end up in a great crevasse 700 feet below.

We managed to stay put, however, until heavy snow-falls caused little avalanches to begin falling on to our tents from the 250 feet of ice slope above the upper lip of the crevasse. These were rather alarming, as if a big mass broke away it would either bury us on the ledge, or hurl us, with our tents, down the great slope. So we moved up later on to the crest of the North Col itself; Camp IVa—a very exposed place, but safe. Meanwhile telephonic communication was established with Camp III below, where there was an advanced wireless station. Unfortunately, the telephone wires were just not long enough to reach



Base Camp with Mount Everest in the background

Photograph by the Author

Camp IVa, so the operator had to carry his box of tricks up on to the exceedingly narrow ice crest of the Col, sit astride there with his feet dangling in space, and thence quarrel with his opposite number down at Camp III, while a Western gale did its best to blow him off.

From the North Col, at nearly 23,000 feet, the real climb of the mountain begins. Specially selected porters were brought up here. They were all Sherpas and Bhutias, some of them veterans of previous expeditions. All were desperately keen to do well.

It was only on the fourth attempt that Camp V was established up the North ridge at a height of 25,700 feet. Wind beat back all the other efforts; and the party which did establish Camp V was marooned there for three days, while the blizzards roared across the ridge, and snow was whirled miles to leeward. A relief party was organised; it met the others coming down from Camp V, with several



North face of Mount Everest from near Base Camp, at 16,800 ft. Left of the summit are the second and first 'steps', in that order, on the long north-east ridge

Photograph by the Author

porters frostbitten. But acclimatisation was proving itself, and there were plenty of volunteers to re-establish Camp V, three days later. There was a momentary lull; Wyn Harris, Wager and Longland went on next morning with eight porters—'tigers' we called them—and established Camp VI, at 27,400 feet, 600 feet higher than a camp has ever been placed before. It consisted of one little tent, perched on a platform dug out of snow and hard scree, and anchored to stones. Longland had a fearful time bringing the porters down, for a blizzard rushed up without warning from the west, reducing visibility to twenty yards, and icing up their goggles. At one point they were lost, and nearly went too far to the east, which could only have brought them over the tremendous drop on to the East Rongbuk glacier. But they found the North ridge and descended safely the 4,400 feet to the North Col. It was a grand piece of mountaineering. Next day, Wyn Harris and Wager made the first assault. They suffered much from the cold—at this height they could not take much food—only a little tea or Ovaltine which took over an hour to heat up—but made good progress to the foot of the second step which guards the great north-east ridge. On the way, and east of the first step, they found the ice axe about which there has been so much controversy. It was lying on fairly steep slabs, the steel head polished, and the wooden half looking quite new. It must have belonged to either Mallory or Irvine, and probably marks the scene of the fatal accident in 1924. Had Mallory and Irvine proceeded further, they would almost certainly have returned by a lower route; and no man in his senses would leave his axe lying about on Everest.

West of the second step, the angle of the slabs increases steadily. There are no handholds and no belays, and the climber depends for safety on balance and on the friction of his boot nails on the rock, which slopes down like the tiles on a steep roof. This makes progress slow, and Wyn Harris and Wager, delayed by their efforts to climb the second step, and forced on to Brigadier Norton's traverse route of 1924, did not reach the western side of the gully

which descends from near the final pyramid till 12.30 p.m. They would not have had time to reach the summit and return in safety even had the rocks above them not been difficult. They turned at something over 28,000 feet, reported events to Smythe and Shipton, who meanwhile had come up to Camp VI, and descended. While doing so, Wyn Harris made a hearty attempt to kill himself while sliding down a snow slope below Camp V. The snow was very hard and he got out of control and was making straight for the edge of a precipice when he stopped himself by the time-honoured method of grasping his axehead with both hands, turning over on his face, and grinding the pick into the snow till it acted as a brake and stopped him just in time.

Smythe and Shipton had to spend the next day in their tent, as a blizzard was raging. The following morning they set out, and below the first step Shipton collapsed with internal trouble; he had sufficient strength to return alone, but below Camp VI was caught by yet another gale and very nearly lost. At one place he let himself down by his hands from a ledge on to snow which promptly slipped away, and he was only just able to pull himself up again. He was covered with ice when he reached Camp V. Meanwhile Smythe carried on alone, crossed those evil slabs which were now heavily coated with snow, and was pulled up at almost exactly the same place as Wyn Harris and Wager, and Brigadier Norton in 1924. The rocks at this place are simply unclimbable when snow rests upon them. Smythe returned to camp VI and spent his third night there, this time alone. He was still very fit and slept for thirteen hours, waking to find himself under some inches of snow, blown in during the night. Then he in his turn had to face abominable weather on the descent. More than once he was blown clean off his feet by the gusts, and only saved himself by means of his axe.

Nothing more could be done for the time being, and the only thing was to take the whole party down to Base Camp for a rest.

After a week at Base Camp only seven of us were found fit

to go up again in the hopes that we might get a break in the monsoon. The others had dilated hearts or frostbite, and would recover lower down. It was now snowing heavily on Everest, and it never stopped for any length of time from this time on. There is strong evidence for believing that once a really heavy snowfall occurs on the mountain, the only agent which will remove it is the north-west wind of Tibet which does not re-establish itself before the end of September; by which time the days are too short and the cold too intense for climbing. Snow probably does not melt above 25,000 feet.

So the expedition has had to return. We have learnt many

things: that May and June are probably the only months in which the climb can be made; that, once a man has gone really high on the mountain he is unlikely to be able to repeat the effort that same year; that a really well acclimatised party can eat the ordinary foods of civilisation at great altitudes; that, almost certainly, the last 1,000 feet are climbable in good conditions, and climbable without oxygen; that you must have strong reserves of men well accustomed to guideless climbing. Our most earnest wish is to have another try for Everest in 1935. If public support is forthcoming, and if we get a season of reasonable weather, I believe that we can do it.

Secrets of Equatorial Africa

By MARCEL GRIAULE

An account by the leader of the recent ethnological expedition sent by the French Government to traverse its vast Empire in Central Africa, from Dakar to Djibouti

IT is a commonplace to say that the institutions of the more primitive races are vanishing with astonishing rapidity in contact with what is generally called 'civilisation'. It has been said that a language or dialect is lost daily from the world; it is to be hoped that this is still possible, for it would prove that a vast store yet remains. But what of the customs, arts, myths, superstitions and actual ways of life which are the characteristics of a race or tribe, or of a more limited group of individuals? Here a disappearance from minute to minute might, I think, be recorded, and it means that much irreplaceable evidence is lost to the sciences dealing with the study of man.

It was for this reason in particular that the French Government, whose great colonial dominion is composed of very diverse elements, decided, some years ago, to create an Ethnological Institute for the purpose of training observers and organising ethnographical expeditions, principally in French possessions. The expedition which I led across Africa from Dakar to Djibouti was the first important enterprise of that foundation.

In 22 months the expedition covered more than 20,000 kilometres (12,500 miles) of darkest Africa, applying on broad lines the methods taught by the Ethnological Institute. Since we covered a great distance and also made three long stays, in the French Sudan, in the North Cameroons and in Northern Ethiopia, we followed the two procedures open to first-hand observers

—the comprehensive method, consisting of researches made among several communities, and the intensive method, which is the very detailed study of a single community.

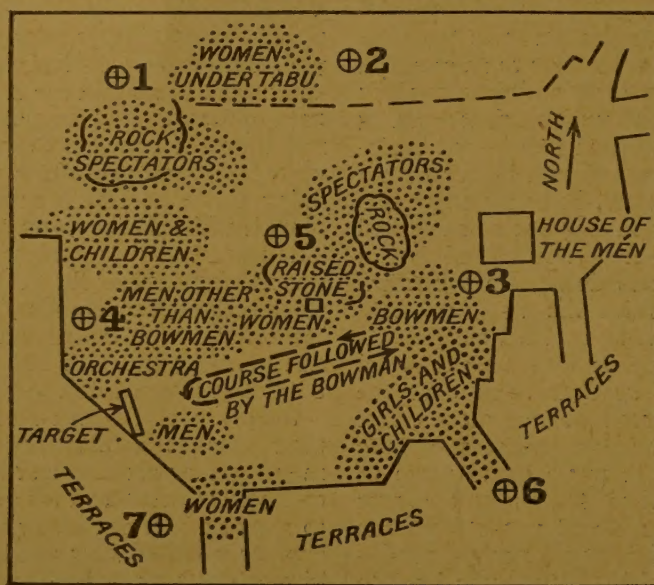
The first method is suitable when covering vast territories. We used it on each of our journeys, gathering numerous specimens for the Trocadero Ethnographical Museum and studying practices such as circumcision, and conditions and crafts such as housing, pottery, metalwork, etc. On the other hand, on each of the stays made by the expedition, we employed the intensive method, bringing our united efforts to bear on the study of a single community. Let me take the instance of our stay in the Sanga region, in the French Sudan, on the curious cliffs of Bandiagara. In six weeks, the expedition gleaned, besides an important collection of new objects, material concerning eight dialects, two thousand items of observation on the men's community, hundreds of photographs, sound recordings and a film. The reader may estimate

the magnitude of the work by the fact that a full description will fill six large illustrated volumes, and those volumes will contain only hitherto unpublished material.

The secret of this success, which was repeated several times, lies in the division of the work within a group of specialist ethnographers, keeping in close touch with one another. This procedure is rendered necessary by the many subjects for study offered by any race, at whatever degree of evolution, as much as by the diverse methods of observation. To ensure good and speedy results, one does not set the same man to study subjects so different as, for instance, the worship of the spirits of stillborn children, knots in string, metalwork, or divination by jackal prints. It is rare to find a student capable

at once of writing down a song or a language, of making a correct topographical plan, and of following a complicated children's game. Then again, in studying a single subject—for example, a big public ceremony—it is impossible for a single observer simultaneously to take notes and photographs, make a film and sketches, and be in several places at once. Nor could he possibly follow up all the secondary lines of research relative to the thousand questions raised by what he will have witnessed in a few hours. It would take him a lifetime. Let me illustrate this point by an actual example.

The sketch accompanying this article is one of a series dealing with the funeral rites of a Dogon hunter; it shows the groups of mourners and the European spectators in the



Sketch map to illustrate methods of observation of the funeral rites of a Dogon hunter

central square of Ogoldognu (French Sudan) on October 22, 1931, at noon, forty hours after the hunter's death. About three hundred people have crowded round to watch or take part in archery in honour of the deceased; every now and then a fresh group of howling men erupts from the south-eastern side-road into the square, to go and mingle with the crowd of bowmen. There is no other movement in the square, which facilitates the work of observation, for nothing is so hard as systematic recording of the movements of a crowd in a small space. Seven European observers are posted about the square; each of these has with him a native informant accustomed to the strange questions asked by white men; this informant in turn is surrounded by helpers who gather information or add details that he may have omitted. Each European is equipped with a light camera, a chronometer, and a notebook. With each photograph and each note, the exact time will be recorded.

The first observer, stationed on a high rock to the north-



Masque designs on an overhanging rock where young Dogons undergo circumcision

west, observes the ceremony as a whole, the main movements of the proceedings; he must keep a watch on the six entries to the square. The second man notes down the reactions of the women under menstrual tabu, who keep on the north side, and are rigorously separated from the rest of the people; their comings and goings, what they say among themselves or to the relatives of the deceased who visit them, will be carefully recorded. Observer three mingles with the group of bowmen, takes notes of the performances, with the name and origin of each man, and the order in which the mourners shoot; he will also note comments on the bowmen, the method of judging the shooting, etc. Observer four has the delicate task of setting down on paper the ringing and beating of the orchestra. The fifth specially observes the central group of women, in the midst of which the widow is seated, near the effects of the deceased which have been placed beside a raised stone called 'the hero's stone'; he will take the names of all the women present, and of all those, men or women, who come to pay homage to the widow, and will keep count of the offerings brought. The sixth man acts as *liaison* between the public square and the house of the deceased; he will identify the groups of mourners who have congregated from the neighbouring villages, and will note what is being said and done in the 'wings', so to speak, of the vast scene staged in the public square. The seventh observer, walking on the nearby terraces, will notice which women applaud which bowmen, which points of style are most highly commended by the onlookers—it should be noted that the bowmen's prowess lies not so much in marksmanship as in the execution of feints and elegant stampings while stretching the bow. Naturally, whenever he has the leisure, the observer will make notes of anything of interest outside the section assigned to him. This disposition of the observers is, of course, only effectual for the time taken by this particular phase of the ritual. Another arrangement must be rapidly improvised if an important change comes in the ceremony.

The work of first-hand observation of a custom is always very short compared with the researches arising from it, which enable a coherent report to be prepared. A ceremony is a kind of superimposed spectacle, a main drama hiding a thousand smaller scenes, all branching out and leading the observer to an infinity of laws, rights, axioms, customs, arts, tricks, cook-

ing places, which must most of them be investigated. To return to the example dealt with above, the mere ritual of archery, representing only a minor part of the whole funeral ritual, raised at least five important points: the handling of the bow, an archaic weapon; the setting of the shooting, more important than the shooting itself; the position of the women under menstrual tabu; the presents to the widow; the part played by the raised stone called 'the hero's stone', etc.

First-hand observation of a custom therefore leads inevitably to interrogation of carefully chosen informants; for it must not be supposed that any native can tell one about all the customs of his village: in France, we should not think of questioning a peasant on the system of parliamentary ushers, nor a poet on land valuation. It would be just as pointless to question a man of the leopard tribe about a myth of the horse tribe, or a woman about the men's community which is completely closed to her. The choice of informant will not always be easy, because a great number of activities are secret, and the man who can give one the facts will not shout his knowledge from the housetops. He must often be coaxed out of hostile reserve by legal cross-examination and sometimes by detective methods. The investigator will act the most diverse roles towards his informant—he will simulate friendship, disinterestedness, rapacity or prodigality, rage or joy, flattery or sarcasm. He will verify all statements, will go straight to the spot indicated, demand the objects described, and search the ground for clues.

There again, the advantage of team work is apparent. Several investigations, conducted by different workers, always allow of common analysis, even when they bear on widely differing questions. If the research workers meet frequently and compare their notes, each record is continually subjected to probings which reveal its content of authenticity. From discussions, counter-valuations result, obliging the observer to keep on the alert and furnishing him with an increasingly close network of information about practices which he has not been able to study himself. The mere knowledge of the contributions, both of the native informants and of his fellow research workers, gives the observer a special flair that is less and less likely to be at fault in compiling his own records. The pertinency and assurance of his questions are felt by his native opponent; questioning becomes a matter of sounding, leading to volun-



Dogon mask of shells with false breasts made of half-fruits of baobab

teered information. Surprised to hear the European speak of facts not hitherto mentioned, facts which he has, perhaps, deliberately concealed, not knowing the statements made by his fellows, fearing the consequences of a useless lie and reassured in his own mind because he no longer feels he is making revelations but merely that he is furnishing confirmation, the native informant, in detective parlance, 'comes clean'.

If, for example, we had attempted in this country to work directly on totemism, we should probably have lost precious time in overcoming the great repugnance of the natives to talking of this institution; a lone observer might even have taken long months to unearth it. A totem myth is actually a family secret, a sort of private Deluge peculiar to a small group who alone know of it, and say nothing to their neighbours. Just as many bourgeois families do not willingly reveal the source of their income, so a Dogon family is silent as to its origins. The totem, here, is not an emblem, as it is shown to be elsewhere. In less than a week, we became certain of the existence of totemism in the Dogon country; among the many investigations pursued, four bore on cookery, hunting, religion and magic medicine respectively; besides this, someone sketched a map of the sacred places. The investigation of cooking brought to light a whole series of food prohibitions specially relating to animals; the hunting investigation yielded similar results; the research into religion led to the purification rites in cases of the preceding tabus being broken; a study of Dogon medicine revealed treatments by a series of special objects which left no doubt of their origin; and the map showed the existence of totem sanctuaries. Furnished with all this information, an investigator could then attack the most recalcitrant native and confide to him, under the seal of secrecy, a marvellous totem myth revealing the origins of all the white men of the expedition, in which was discreetly mingled the

local lore; one of two things followed—either the native, not to be outdone in politeness, recounted his own history, or else he fled never to return.

It will be understood that the ideal, in obtaining information by enquiry, is to replace the white investigator by a native trained in ethnographical work. Such an investigator will have much more justification in the eyes of his informants; he will be able to move unnoticed where a white man would cause panic; and, in a general way, if he is clever, his countrymen will not even suspect what he is doing. This method is hardly feasible except in countries with a written language, and was only employed by us on a large scale at Gondar (Northern Ethiopia), the old Abyssinian capital, where there are plenty of literates. The French camp rapidly became a centre frequented by priests and witch doctors, by more or less enlightened cases of 'possession', by artists and poets, of whom the most reliable were entrusted with the task of writing on given subjects. It was thus that we obtained monographs on magicians and on sick persons, on 'possession' and on slaves, on personal property and real estate, which no European could have obtained even by devoting himself to the task for years. By this means we collected records of districts, containing, for each home, a list of all the household utensils, from the big cooking pots to the grass brooms; a list of the animals, from oxen to chickens; a list of the members of the family, from the head of the house to the slave, with mention of their occupations, and a special note of any physical or moral blemish, of illness, and of the evil spirit of whose pernicious influences the people whisper when they see their neighbour's wife passing in the narrow streets. It was by this method, too, that we got the list of names of the slaves of Gondar and their masters—with less than 6,000 inhabitants there are 1,200 slaves, more than a fifth of the population, which, truth to tell, has no more because it is too poor. But that is another matter.

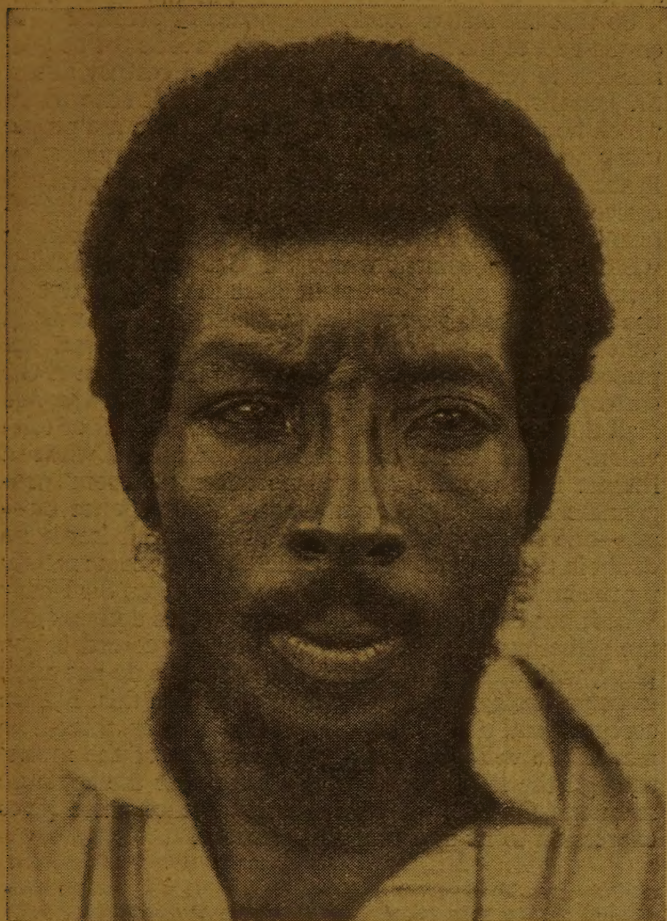
This brief account might lead the reader to believe that the Dakar-Djibouti expedition was nothing but a travelling office, whose members had only intellectual pleasures. Not at all: we had our adventures, although we killed no one, and all the Europeans came back in a flourishing condition. Bridges were not always ready built when we arrived on river banks; our drinking water was not always of the purest; we were held



Offering of cotton during a Dogon funeral ceremony. At the back the youngest son of the deceased receives the gift

captive for several weeks, and sometimes a part of the expedition would narrowly escape being slaughtered. But what we remember with the most satisfaction is that the Governor-General of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan asked the National Bank of Egypt to open on a festival Sunday to oblige the leader of the expedition: the Bank did not hesitate; it recalled several members of its staff who were spending the holiday in the suburb of Khartoum and it opened. English readers will appreciate that that is the accomplishment of which the French expedition is proudest.

Types from Equatorial Africa



Abyssinian muleteer employed by the Mission



Kirdi playing a native horn



Dogon masks

The photographs accompanying this article were taken by the Dakar-Djibouti Mission



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Must Music be Seen?

AN interesting controversy took place recently in the correspondence columns of *The Times* following the appearance, on the opening night of the 'Proms', of a leader in which occurred this sentence: 'The Cornish farmer and the Durham miner who have never seen the most punctual of conductors dart to his desk now speak of him with affection; while those who are in London, and need not be content with shadows but have within their grasp the full substance of the music, seize their privilege of a mighty symphony in such numbers that it seems as though the hall's blue walls must bulge'. A week later Sir Walford Davies addressed a letter to the Editor in which he contended that those who listened to the 'Proms' in their own homes did not thereby obtain 'mere shadows' of Beethoven's full substance: and while he had frequently sickened of promiscuous wireless listening, he had never in his life enjoyed Beethoven so much as on a recent occasion when he heard an 'electrically produced' performance. After these preliminaries, correspondents became discursive. A listener had heard the Emperor Concerto on the wireless in the lounge of a London hotel; and of the two old gentlemen who were present, one left the room and the other slept soundly. The writer was not inspired by the performance. A second correspondent found it impossible to believe that, with the coming of television, when concerts would be seen as well as heard by wireless devotees, August evenings would find the Queen's Hall empty. There followed a letter from a reader who found it a definite advantage to have round him none of those distractions which the presence of an audience entails—coughing, rustling of programmes, even the appearance of the artists who are performing: and another from a listener who found inspiration in the broadcasts of classical music only when the items had been previously 'seen'. Subsequently, Sir George Shee declared himself definitely on the side of the 'listening only' group, stating that he and his wife obtain from broadcasts of the Beethoven Quartets, the Brandenburg Suites or the 'Meistersinger' Overture, an impression of the 'architectural, progressive quality of the music, never before experienced'. Where to Mr. Herman Klein responded that hearing without seeing could never be the same as hearing *and* seeing, and that to the true artist the magnetism of a living audience is absolutely essential. To him, moreover, a wireless broadcast no more pre-

sents a replica of performances such as he heard more than fifty years ago in St. James's Hall in the days of Joachim, than a postcard reproduction of a masterpiece by a great artist is a true replica of the original.

So that the matter seems largely one of personal taste on the part of the listener. But perhaps it might be permissible to remind Mr. Klein that half a century ago at St. James's Hall he was hearing for the first time works which he now knows by heart; and that there are people today who may hear Beethoven's Fifth Symphony or Brahms' Violin Concerto for the first time by wireless, and derive therefrom more satisfaction than from any subsequent 'seen' performance. On the other hand, we wonder whether the enjoyment which Sir George Shee obtains from listening only may not in some measure be due to the fact that he is very well acquainted with the works in which he thus finds new pleasure. In any event, the present 'Prom' season seems to confirm the opinion of the correspondent who cannot visualise an empty Queen's Hall during August solely because of the arrival of television. While there doubtless are occasions when a listener feels that he can get most from a 'Prom' programme by solitary concentration, yet attendance on—say—one of the Bach nights at Queen's Hall leaves no doubt in the mind that the audience does not come merely for the music, the orchestra, the artists, or even Sir Henry Wood; but because of the inspiration which derives from the gathering together of a crowd of one accord in one place, with their mind on one objective. We do not need to be psychologists to understand or explain this. But we accept it, and that is why the wireless listener, though he may, if he will, 'grasp the full substance of the music' through the loudspeaker, likes also to hear the applause from the Queen's Hall when the audience there gives expression to its approval and pleasure.

Week by Week

THE end of last month marked the passing of the Grand Jury, an institution whose origin goes as far back into our history as that of Parliament and the Law Courts themselves. Last week Sir Percival Clarke, who himself charged the last Grand Jury to be impanelled at the London Sessions, appropriately broadcast an obituary notice of this venerable legal institution. Beginning originally as a means of ensuring that criminals were brought to justice by laying the onus of 'presentation' on the shoulders of those who possessed local knowledge, Sir Percival pointed out, the Grand Jury in later times became an instrument for the protection of arrested and suspected persons against arbitrary administrative tyranny on the part of authority on the one hand, or the unfair indirect social consequences which a public trial may bring even to an accused person found innocent, upon the other. Thereafter, 'the Grand Jury has remained until this day to secure that no person should be exposed to the risk of conviction by a petty jury unless there is a *prima facie* case against him. The Grand Jury of today only decides that question . . . they do not try his defence or hear his witnesses . . . and they need not be unanimous. They number twenty-three so that there may be at least twelve in favour of the return made by the Grand Jury'. Sir Percival pointed out that the Grand Jury formed one of our great bulwarks against oppression and persecution, and 'in years gone by has no doubt saved many persons accused upon insufficient evidence from the risk of conviction'. Gradually, however, laws passed by Parliament to secure persons as far as possible from unfounded accusations, unwarranted convictions and undeserved punishments, have diminished the purposes of the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury used to provide a convenient opportunity for judges to address the prominent citizens who sat upon those juries, and inform them how new Acts of Parliament were to be enforced or discuss matters affecting local justice, but neither these nor the ceremonial and procedure of the Grand Jury have been considered sufficiently important in themselves to outweigh the loss of time and trouble involved. It is

worth noting, however, that there still remain one or two kinds of case (such as treason) in which a Grand Jury will have to be summoned, but these are likely to be exceedingly rare.

M. Griaule's account, which we publish on a previous page, of the ethnological work undertaken by the Mission Dakar-Djibouti should be an object lesson to us of the possibilities that lie before co-ordinated ethnological research carried out on a large scale and with adequate backing from the community. It is painful to contrast the thoroughness with which the French Institute backed by Government resources has been able to plan out and carry through this ethnological survey of the French Empire in Africa with the inadequacy of the gallant but comparatively haphazard exploits of our own anthropologists and ethnologists, who are left to plough unaided the vast territory of our Empire. The British Empire contains much the greatest number and variety of native races in all stages of civilisation ever yet brought under one system. Can it be said that we are fully discharging the responsibilities that we owe to these races thoroughly to investigate, record and analyse their customs, arts, methods, superstitions and ways of life? M. Griaule's article shows how much can be accomplished if the work of observation is undertaken co-operatively and not left to the genius of the individual scientific observer. His description of the methods of observation employed at the funeral of the Dogon hunter will come as a revelation to many who are not up to date in their knowledge of modern ethnological method. The achievements of the French Mission are a challenge to public opinion in this country to further similar work in our own tropical possessions.

Colonel Peel's description of the thrills of tunny fishing draws attention to the fact that some vagary of nature has brought a new form of 'big game hunting' to our very doors. In past years the ordinary man knew of the tunny fish only in its sliced and tinned form, under which guise it might (for all he knew) have been no bigger in real life than the ubiquitous sardine whose function in the picnic hamper it to some extent usurps. But now tunney, which used to frequent the Mediterranean, have for some mysterious reason migrated in considerable numbers to the North Sea, and a club has been formed to organise the sport of catching them. The Mediterranean fishermen, in mercenary spirit, catch them as one would expect fishes which rank as sharks and grampuses to be caught, with nets and stakes. But the happy British amateur must try his hand with what looks a woefully inadequate tackle, comprising hundreds of yards of line which may be whisked out of his control in a few seconds by a fish which has 'the strength of a horse and the speed of a motor car'. The fun of tunny fishing lies not in the catching but in the 'landing' of the monster. Just as river poachers 'tickle' for trout, so presumably there will be sea-poachers who fish for tunny with steel wire attached to winches on the deck of a steamer. But the essence of sport, after all, is regulation—that is, permission to do what you can and to conquer the risks involved within a framework of strict rules which make the enterprise just not too difficult.

Broadcasting as an educational factor continues to receive more and more attention from official education authorities. A few months ago our own Board of Education published a critical assessment of the work done by the B.B.C. in broadcast adult education. Now the Education Office of the United States has published a comparable bulletin on *The Art of Teaching by Radio*,* which is concerned with broadcast talks in general, including but not confined to school broadcasts and evening lectures. The American bulletin presents a decided contrast to the British report, inasmuch as the former deals almost entirely with broadcasting technique while the latter is mainly concerned with the concrete results achieved at the listening end, as revealed in the experience of wireless discussion groups. As a theoretical exposition of the technique of the broadcast talk, *The Art of Teaching by Radio* is a good piece of work, embodying a great many opinions and much advice derived from British and American sources. Some of the recommendations given, however, sound curious to British ears. 'Plan to make a definite appeal', the broadcast speaker is advised, 'to the mental-emotional activity of the listener', and 'Use strong, common words with rich meaningful associations'—which a cynical Englishman might take as a round-

about adjuration to the use of 'strong language'! Again, some of the methods suggested for 'merchandising broadcasts' would not be as popular over here as they might be with a listening audience accustomed to advertising. For instance: 'In addition to the regular broadcast announcement', says the bulletin, "teaser" campaigns may frequently be used advantageously to stimulate interest in broadcasts. Begin with an announcement a week before the broadcast and add an additional announcement each day until seven are given on the day of the broadcast'. 'Teaser' announcements, which aim at catching the listener's attention by a riddling, puzzling or startling allusion, have indeed been tried over here, but they require most cautious and sparing use if they are to avoid arousing hostility. Apart, however, from these small peculiarities, the content of the bulletin suggests generally that broadcasting technique is advancing on similar lines both here and in the U.S.

The Commission on Educational and Cultural Films has now concluded its labours and closed its office, and the British Film Institute which it has been the means of bringing into being is to commence work in earnest this month. The adjustment of a number of minor points connected with the scheme has been responsible for some delay in making a start, but these adjustments having now been completed, it is understood the governing body will be meeting shortly in order to prepare a scheme of membership of the Institute and appoint a staff to begin operations. In the meantime, bodies of enthusiasts are already at work in the provinces (for instance, in Liverpool and in Rugby) creating local Film Institute societies to work with the central body and forward its aims. The appearance of the new Institute is itself apparently having a stimulating effect within the film trade, one of the biggest producing firms having just started an education department to cater for the rising demand for educational films which it foresees. Several new 16 mm. projectors at cheaper prices than ever before are being produced with an eye to the schools market, and the provision of an adequate number of 16 mm. educational sound films (of which there has hitherto been a great lack) is also nearer realisation than ever before.

Our Scottish correspondent writes: The 107th annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy closed the other day, having been open for fully four months. Lists of sales completed have appeared in the Scottish newspapers from time to time, and the number and value of these have been by no means inconsiderable, despite the tightness of money. Edinburgh has always been a sound art-loving centre from the creator's point of view, and the county, legal, and merchant families who support the native painter do not appear to have had their power of purchase so severely curtailed as it has been among the industrialists of Glasgow. There the lot of the artist is a very hard one just now. There was a time when the locally-resident painter of any merit could depend on ready sales, thanks largely to the fact that the Glasgow Art Club has always included in its membership a large number of laymen of taste and means. (The walls of one popular coffee-room in Glasgow are actually covered with Hornels, Houstons, Gaulds, Gibsons, and other typical products of the modern Glasgow school!) But industrial Glasgow is suffering sorely, and artistic Glasgow must share the effects of the slump. Etchings—not so long ago a busy market in the native town of Muirhead Bone—are stagnant, and it is probable that the great annual show, 'the Institute', weathers the storm mainly on the strength of the Art Union draw and the solemn, and often absurd, purchase by the Corporation. Some would go so far as to say that Edinburgh is once again the art-capital of Scotland after having had to play second fiddle to Glasgow through the decades of the Glasgow School's dominance. The relative positions of the College of Art in Edinburgh and the School of Art in Glasgow are significant. The former is heavily, even excessively, endowed and brilliantly conducted, and for some time past has attracted the flower of native talent, while the latter has fewer scholarships and fellowships to offer and has suffered from frequent changes of directorship since the lamented retirement of Professor Fra. Newbery. Now the West awaits eagerly the arrival of Mr. W. O. Hutchison to assume control in the Mackintosh building on Garnethill and hopes that it will, under his direction, restore the slightly-decayed artistic prestige of Clydeside.

**The Art of Teaching by Radio*, By Cline M. Koon, Bulletin, 1933, No. 4. U.S. Department of the Interior: Office of Education, 10 cents

The Week Abroad

Problems of the Dictator

By VERNON BARTLETT

A MONTH ago I suggested that there was much less difference than is generally imagined between Fascism on the one hand and Socialism and Communism on the other, and that the real conflict of today is between *laissez-faire* Liberalism and what is now generally called a planned economy. Or to put it more simply, there are, on the one side, people who believe that the state can flourish if individual enterprise is left unhampered and who argue that the free competition which was good for our grandfathers will also be good for our grandsons. On the other side are the people who believe that the state will be compelled, in the interests of the great majority of its population, to interfere more and more with the individual. The bitterness between the Fascists, the Nazis, and the followers of President Roosevelt, who all believe in different degrees that the capitalist system can adapt itself to this ever-growing state interference, and the Communists who believe the whole system will have to go, is so intense that one tends to overlook this other and deeper conflict. But I believe this bitterness arises mainly from the rivalry, often quite unconscious, between two groups of leaders struggling to lead the largest possible number of the same people along paths which diverge to begin with but which must later run parallel. For example, there is no doubt that the big industrialists of the Ruhr who virtually put Herr Hitler into power are making tremendous efforts—momentarily successful—to keep the Socialist side of the National Socialist movement very much in the background. But Hitler's one great preoccupation, the one measure which may retain his popularity and his power in Germany, is the reduction of unemployment. If he cannot achieve that, all the money of all the industrialists in Germany will not enable him to retain his influence. For the moment he is adopting much the same methods as President Roosevelt in the United States. A director of one of the biggest firms in Germany told me the other day that the Nazis had instructed the firm to cut down working hours and to employ an entirely new shift of men instead of paying the same men to work overtime. In much the same way General Johnson in America is cutting down hours and trying to increase wages. And whereas these increases in wages may ultimately come back to the employer because they signify an increased number of people who can buy the goods he produces, there must come a time when capitalists with small reserves will find that this business of increasing the purchasing power brings them face to face with bankruptcy. If Hitler is to make a very important reduction in the number of German unemployed he must, whether he likes it or not, annoy his capitalist supporters quite as much as Dr. Brüning or a Chancellor who was a member of the old Social Democratic Party would have done. I believe either that Hitler will lead his country much farther to the left than any other European country except Russia, or that a second revolution will do the job for him.

But there is one very important point upon which Socialism and National Socialism would appear to be in absolute conflict. Socialism is more nearly international than any other political doctrine that has wide support. National Socialists put pacifists and internationalists into internment camps or drive them to despair or suicide. To the Socialist, the glorification of nationalism by men like Mussolini and Hitler makes war so much more probable that their overthrow becomes a matter of supreme importance. Since neither of them is likely to be overthrown the outlook for peace would seem to be terribly gloomy.

But the Dictator's bark may be very much worse than his bite. The longer he is in power the more it tends to become so. Signor Mussolini has never said such foolish things as Herr Hitler said and wrote before he came into power, but many of his speeches have been unpleasantly reminiscent of those of the ex-Kaiser before 1914. And yet nobody can seriously believe he is going to risk the whole organisation he has built up during the last ten years in Italy (and his own position into the bargain, for it was one of his closest friends who reminded me that a declaration of war is seldom signed by the same man who signs the treaty of peace which ends it), nobody can believe Mussolini is going to war unless he stands a chance of making a very good thing out of it. And there is no war one can envisage which would give him a greater position than he enjoys today, when he can act as mediator between Germany and France.

As for Hitler, he has not yet built up much, and probably the only real achievement that would confer a lasting benefit on Germany if he were to disappear tomorrow is the lessening of the influence of the different states within the German Reich, for this dual control was in many ways wasteful and disrupting. If Germany's military strength today could compare in any way with the aggressiveness of her talk there might be a very real danger of war in Europe. But, here again, nobody can

seriously imagine that Germany, however busily her factories might be turning out munitions, however actively she may be converting Storm Troops into soldiers, would be in a position for years to come to stand up to France, Poland and Czechoslovakia (to say nothing of other countries that would be against her if she were obviously the aggressor).

Apart from these factors which would only seem to delay war, I don't believe that nationalism is so likely to lead to fighting as most people believe. Its dangers and follies are obvious, and they have already caused absurd delays in our economic recovery. But, unfortunately, man seldom allows himself to be governed by reason. Many of us had hoped that the lessons of the last War were so clear they would wipe out the barriers between nations. It had been a struggle less between one people and another than between the human race and powers it had not yet learnt to control. There would now be one great brotherhood of man working to distribute and increase the wealth it is in our power to produce.

But we expected too much from human nature. Too many people who had votes which could decide our policy lacked enough sense of their responsibility to think things out for themselves. The brotherhood-of-man type of internationalism has failed for the time being. It was too weak to compete with nationalism, and now—to change the metaphors—it merely serves to inflame the sore of nationalism. Since the War I have seen so many statesmen who wanted to agree but dared not do so because of their public opinion at home, so many chances of real progress and real peace baulked by popular (but suicidal) prejudice, that I can feel no great regret if the idea of what we generally call democracy is suffering at least as much as the idea of internationalism.

It is not the fault of the individual that his influence is so little helpful; it is the fault of the system. And I have still to be convinced that good may not come out of the evil of this wave of nationalism sweeping over the world. We talked enough about the self-sacrifice that people showed during the War. It was magnificent, which makes the fact that it was used only for purpose of destruction all the more tragic. And we have wasted enough time lamenting the absence of that same spirit in time of peace. Well, men like Mussolini and Hitler have managed to revive that spirit and, as I firmly believe, at a lesser danger to other nations than many people realise. For any lasting peace must be based on reality, and in reality war is just as destructive to a dictatorship as to a democracy. There is also less danger that a dictator will be swept off his feet by public opinion, since he has it completely—even unpleasantly—under his thumb. A man like Mussolini will use both the Press and his military power as pawns in peace time, but he will do everything to avoid a war. And, to console ourselves because dictators are on the increase, we might remember that two great dictator countries—Russia and Italy—have been far more ready than any others to accept drastic disarmament proposals. I leave Germany out because she has such obvious and special reasons for wanting armaments equality with the other Powers that she can claim no very great merit if she has been in the past—and probably is even now—on the side of drastic general disarmament.

I have spent the last month in France and Germany—not in large cities, but in the simplest circumstances possible. It is almost terrifying to find how generally the same arguments are put forward on each side of the frontier. I have met no German and no Frenchman who gave me the slightest ground for believing that he imagined there was anything to be gained by another war. But also I have met very few who believed that the other fellow did not want it either. I crossed the German frontier with no luggage except a rucksack. I don't think I have ever met such a variety of people in so short a time, and they confirmed my first impression of Germany under Hitler. Germany today is one of the most astonishing examples of the power of mass-suggestion in history. Heaven knows how many people have told me in the last ten days that Germany has self-respect and order for the first time since the War, that the Communists would already be in control if Hitler had not become Chancellor, that a country which is led by a man whose private life is so simple and upright must benefit by it, that unemployment has already diminished to an astonishing degree, and that there is an entirely new spirit of co-operation between employers and employed. I cannot say how much truth there is in all these assertions, and one of them—that the Communists would now be governing Germany—I should certainly dispute, but the important thing is that people—I believe the immense majority of people in Germany—firmly believe them, and, in doing so, ignore both the atrocities that have accompanied the revolution and the serious economic situation which cannot be cured by enthusiasm alone. We have still to see how much enthusiasm can help.



Industrial Lancashire, to which the results of the Textile Delegation to India are of vital importance

'The Times'

The Textile Delegation to India

By SIR WILLIAM CLARE LEES

Delegates representing the British cotton and artificial silk industries are at present on their way out to Bombay to enter into a series of conversations and negotiations which may prove of the greatest possible importance to the future of a vital British export trade

IT is not altogether easy to explain exactly what the Textile Delegation, of which I am Chairman, hope to achieve and what are the special difficulties which we know we shall have to overcome. I doubt if it would be wise to attempt to do so in great detail, because, although we are going out in a very friendly atmosphere which we shall do our best to maintain, we are nevertheless negotiators, and we cannot disclose in advance the moves we intend to make. Even in a friendly game of bridge nobody lays down his cards face upwards. But I can tell you in general terms what our problems are and how we are likely to set to work. You probably know that India is the greatest market in the world for cotton goods and artificial silk goods, and that in days gone by hundreds of thousands of Lancashire operatives found employment, year in and year out, in supplying the needs of that market. In our own life-time, India has quite naturally and properly developed a large and efficient cotton industry of her own with the help of Customs duties which were first put on for revenue reasons, and latterly have included an appreciable element of protection. More recently still Japan has emerged as an almost irresistible competitor not only against our British manufacturers but equally against the Indian mills. Some of you will remember the Debate which took place in the House of Commons, in June, on this very question of Japanese competition. During this Debate, some alarming examples were given of what such competition can mean. A cotton shirt was produced which could be sold in this country, after paying duty, for one shilling, and a pair of socks for 2d. Against these prices no manufacturer in Europe could hope to compete. The consequence has been that our trade with the Indian market has fallen in a very disastrous manner; the Indian mills have also suffered very serious losses in their own market, and in all the markets of the world we have found the greatest possible difficulty in maintaining our business in the face of the low prices at which the Japanese are able to sell their goods owing to their costs of production and the depreciation of their currency.

Many of us have been exceedingly anxious as to what the future might have in store. We have made representations to the British Government, who have communicated with the Indian Government, but in spite of all this, nothing has been arranged to give us any confidence of a secure and stable trade in the future. The cotton interests in India, in the meantime, were equally active in making representations to their Government, and in the Spring of this year both the British Government and the Indian Government decided to act. The Indian Government gave six months' notice to Japan to terminate their commercial Treaty so as to secure freedom of action to place differential duties against Japanese goods. As long as the Treaty was in existence, the Indian Government were unable to put duties on Japanese goods which were higher than those on other foreign goods, but as they felt they could not leave the situation unaltered until the expiry of the Treaty notice, they decided to increase the *ad valorem* duty on all foreign cotton goods from 50 per cent. to 75 per cent.

The British Government gave notice to Japan to exclude our West African Colonies from the scope of our Anglo-Japanese Commercial Treaty, and at the same time suggested that the problems presented by the existence of this acute competition should be the subject of conferences between industrialists of the two nations. In reply to the British Government the Japanese eventually agreed to enter into discussion on those lines, whilst as regards the Indian position they expressed a desire to send a Mission to India to discuss these impositions on their goods and to negotiate a new treaty to replace the one which has been denounced. When we realised that this was going to take place we could not fail to appreciate that the happenings of the next few months in India were bound to be of the utmost significance to us in England.

Everyone knows that in certain circumstances letter-writing and communications at a distance are quite ineffective as a means of solving intricate problems or establishing genuine

mutual understanding. In private relations as well as in business matters, almost all of you must have had occasion to say more than once 'It's not a bit of use writing long letters any more. I must see this man face to face, or we shall never get matters straight between us'. It is very much for the same sort of reasons that the leading people in the industries concerned decided to send our delegation out to India. When we arrive in Bombay, we shall begin by having meetings and discussions with representatives of the Indian cotton industry. We shall enter those discussions in the belief that whatever may have been the case in the past, the circumstances of the present moment create an opportunity for the cotton industry in India and ourselves to work in co-operation. We believe that it should be possible to formulate a policy as regards the Indian market, and equally as regards other markets in which the Indian industry is interested as well as ourselves, which would promote the best interests of both parties. After that we hope to have an opportunity of laying our views before the Indian Government and of discussing with the Japanese representatives the problems of commercial policy which affect us both. It will be our object to come back with plans and proposals to lay before our colleagues at home which, if we are successful, will hold out hope of a larger and more secure volume of trade for our mills in this country.

You will see from what I have said that what has really brought about our visit to India is the competition of Japan, in

regard to which both India and ourselves consider it absolutely necessary to bring about some arrangement very different from that which has existed in the recent months. But in addition to dealing with our common competitor, and the problems which are associated with his competition, the Indian industry and ourselves will have the first opportunity which has ever been presented to us of arriving at some understanding of each other's point of view. I think it is fair to say that that part of our work which is concerned with improving our relations with India is at least as important as the part which is concerned with securing some safeguards against the competition from Japan.

And the fact remains that there is sufficient machinery in the world to produce a great deal more goods than the present purchasing power of the consuming nations is able to absorb. The need for consultation between the various interests which are being affected by this competition is obvious, and the fact that these discussions have been arranged is an evidence of the good sense of those competing. It is the desire of those who are going out representing the textile industries of this country that an ordered and orderly progress shall be made in providing for the needs of the consuming markets all over the world, on such a basis, and under such conditions, as will ensure a reasonable standard of life and an adequate amount of employment to those who are engaged in supplying the needs of the world.

Pictorial Photographic Competition

THE GENERAL LEVEL of the photographs submitted for last week's photographic competition was rather higher than in previous weeks, and the number of entries showing outstanding merit made the task of judging a difficult one. The prize of five guineas has been awarded to Mr. J. H. Saunders for his photograph, 'Encircled Hopes', which, while technically adequate, shows a delightful and finished sense of composition, strong enough to find its effects without the help of any 'stunt' and

capable of including the 'human interest' without detracting in any way from the pattern of the picture. Colonel H. F. Collingridge's un-titled photograph of fishing-boats outside a Continental port, which we hope to reproduce later, was a close second. It is a most accomplished photograph which is particularly successful in expressing atmospheric effect and the quality of different substances. Mr. Alfred Weale's photograph of bathing tents seen from above is also very good indeed. This competition is now closed.



'Encircled Hopes', by J. H. Saunders

Thrills of a New Sport—Tunny Fishing

By Colonel E. T. PEEL

TUNNY are found in many parts of the world, but it is only in recent years that they have appeared in the North Sea. Frequent reports from fishermen of the great fish feeding around their vessels stirred the imagination of 'big game' anglers, and it was that well-known sportsman, Mr. Mitchell Henry, who by capturing a fish three years ago on rod and line first proved the possibility of 'big game' fishing in British waters. Since then, many a battle has been waged with monster fish. Twenty-two tunny were caught last year, averaging over 600 lbs., and we are all hoping this season to get one of over 1,000 lbs.

which the rod butt rests, 12 to 15 feet of steel wire trace capable of standing a strain of 200 lbs., three- or four-inch hooks of the strongest type, and shoulder harness. This latter is a most important item of the equipment without which it would be impossible to hold a fish. It is designed in leather or webbing to fit on the back like a waistcoat, with attachments clipped on to the rod that make it possible for the angler to withstand the prolonged strain of a pulling fish. As a precaution, it is wise to fasten oneself into the boat by a loose rope to prevent being jerked or pulled overboard, and possibly drowned.

Methodical preparation in advance is really important.

Tackle should be mounted with the utmost care beforehand, reels and lines closely examined, traces with their links and fastenings thoroughly tested for weak spots. The line should be fastened to the trace by a special knot tied over a strip of leather to give as straight a pull as possible and to avoid nipping. A bad knot will reduce the breaking strength of the line by 50 per cent. Correct adjustment of the harness and comfortable seating arrangements in the boat are also important matters to attend to before starting out. You can put in useful time seeing to all these points because you cannot do much once the fight has started, and a huge fish soon finds the weak points in the equipment.

Now for the actual fishing operations. Late in August, when the tunny approach close in-shore off the Yorkshire coast following the herring boats, is the best and easiest time to get them. Then the fishing fleets can be reached by motor cable from Scarborough. For those fortunate enough to own a yacht, the



Tackle used in tunny-fishing: Colonel Peel (centre) holds his special Hardy tackle, the Secretary of the Tunny Club has the leather jerkin, and an Arab member of the crew has the gaff and rope

Photograph: Victor Hey, Scarborough

Hitherto, anglers have had to go far afield—to New Zealand, to the Pacific, to Nova Scotia—in search of big game, but now it has been proved that the largest fish and finest sport in the world are to be got in our own home waters. Hunting for tunny is an adventure and a thrilling experience. The tackle used is very light indeed, taking the weight and power of the fish into account—far lighter in comparison to that used in other forms of fishing—and the tunny is caught from a small boat in the open sea. The element of danger and risk adds a spice to the sport. The chances are enormously in favour of the fish, which has the strength of a horse, the speed of a motor-car, and is five or six times the weight of the angler himself.

The British Tunny Club, in conjunction with the British Sea Anglers' Association, has framed rules for 'big game' fishing with a view to ensuring fair and only sporting rod-and-line methods for competitive fishing. Only fish caught strictly in accordance with these conditions are officially recognised for trophies, certificates and records. Under the rules, certain dimensions and weight for rods are laid down, and line of a maximum breaking strain is allowed. The fish must be landed by rod play only. The essentials in tackle are, a stout rod capable of holding a pull up to 40 and 50 lbs., a reel to take 400 to 500 yards of line fitted with some form of powerful hand brake, a swivel socket let into the seat in



The first three tunny fish of the season hanging on davits over the side of Colonel Peel's yacht, *St. George*

problem of getting to the fishing ground is an easy one. Tunny fishing is quite a practical proposition, too, for the small-yacht owner. Anyone possessing a small cruiser or fishing-boat capable of keeping the sea in normal summer weather may include the excitement and adventure of big game fishing in his cruising programme. Suitable boats and tackle may be hired at Scarborough. You can get all information about the sport from the British Tunny Club there. An early start must be made to reach the herring boats before daylight, as they haul their nets early and are away back to port with their catch before 6 or 7 a.m.

Trawlers and Seine netters work throughout the day, and you can find tunny round them at any time, but the fish are much more difficult to hook in daylight. The fishing is done from a small row boat, towed out by a motor cable, or from a dinghy launched from the yacht, alongside a drifter or trawler. It is when the tunny are feeding—in a state of excitement—on herrings that fall into the sea as the nets come aboard, that they can be caught most easily. There is no skill in actually hooking them then. The bait has merely to be put into the water to be taken. At times the surface of the sea appears to be simply boiling with fish as they smash and churn the water into foam in wild dashes to take the bait. It is a wonderful and stirring sight to see these tunny in action at such close quarters. Apart from all the excitement of the actual sport, this experience alone makes the adventure worth while. Search is made amongst the fleet for a craft with tunny around. The North Sea fishermen are getting to know the game and rise to the occasion in a most friendly and sporting manner to help anglers. Great is the thrill when the cheery hail comes through the darkness from a vessel, 'Plenty of tunny about!' Immediately the boat is lowered and rowed alongside. The moment is one of intense excitement. Hopes run high as the drifter looms up through the darkness and the men can be seen silently working their nets in the bright glow of their powerful deck lights.

Herring are flying about as they are shaken free from the nets, many falling back into the sea. From our small boat plunging and tossing in the swell alongside the drifter, we gaze at the dark water, watching intently the few herring as they sink slowly from view. With a suddenness that makes one's heart miss a beat, there comes a mighty rush and swirl as the dark shape of a tunny breaks the surface to take a bait. Others follow till the water is literally alive with huge fish on the feed. In these conditions they will take a bait almost out of one's hands. A few loose herrings are scattered in the water, some loaded with corks to keep the tunny on the move near the surface. The hook baited with another is cast on the surface, care being taken to see the line is clear and free to run out; a turn round any obstruction in the boat would mean an instant smash, while a turn round any part of the body would result in serious injury, so violent is the shock of a striking fish. The angler puts on his harness expectantly; in suppressed excitement he watches the bait as it sinks slowly with the other loose herring around. Will he take it? The answer comes with dramatic suddenness. There he comes! A dark shadowy shape appears from the depths, making a dash for the bait. He has taken it, with a shock to the line that almost jerks the rod from your hands and you from the boat. From under your eyes, only a few feet off, the bait is swept away as the fish makes off at incredible speed in his first grand run. There is no time to think of striking. The fish does all the striking himself, hitting the bait a smashing blow that drives the hook home. It is a great moment! Even the most seasoned angler is left gasping in astonishment, taken momentarily aback by the suddenness and violence of the attack. All the accumulated sensations and emotions of a fisherman's life are crowded into these first few moments of breathless excitement following the strike, as the tunny races off and one realises he is firmly hooked.

'Good-bye! Good luck!' shout our friends, the fishermen, as they see the bent rod and the boat speeding off. 'Thanks', we answer back, 'we're off to the North Pole', and it certainly feels as if we were off on a long strange cruise towed by so powerful a fish. The tunny in his first full vigour puts up a splendid fight, going off in a straight line in a series of non-stop runs at terrific speed. Line is torn off the reel—hundreds of yards in a few seconds. The pull is irresistible. Rod and line are powerless to check his speed. The fish is in complete command and it is more luck than anything if the tackle holds

and if the entire line is not run off the reel. Quickly the boat is got under way to follow the fish in an attempt to save line and boat. Sufficient brake is applied to get it towing easily. The rod must be kept upright and pressure applied from the tip so as to avoid bringing too severe and sudden a shock on the line. Any attempt to stop the fish at this stage would inevitably result in disaster, a broken line and lost fish. Nothing can be done to stop his easy torpedo-line run, and things look black indeed as line is lost to the last few turns. But good rod play and skilful seamanship in handling the boat may sometimes retrieve a hopeless position when all seems lost.

In some cases, the tunny does not at once realise that he has been hooked and will keep swimming quietly around near his mates quite unperturbed, but generally he breaks off in a straight line in a desperate attempt to escape. Once he has spent his first strength in easy rushes, he can to a certain extent be steadied and controlled by tactics and strenuous rod work. He must be given the full weight of the boat to tow and, if possible, kept swimming near the surface. At times, however, he will sound and put up a stubborn fight in deeper water, boring persistently and strongly against the line, and then he is terribly difficult to subdue, often taking a long time to kill. For a quick kill there should be no respite for either fish or angler. He must be attacked 'all out' from the start and pressed continuously by a succession of intensive tactics. A tunny is far too powerful to be reeled in at any time, but line can be won back by rapid reeling when the fish turns or by heaving steadily on the rod to bring the boat closer to the fish. At all costs he must be prevented from going deep. Reel and line are tested to breaking point in the process. Under the terrific tension the rod bends double and creaks in an alarming manner while the line vibrates like a banjo string. It is amazing what the tackle will stand up to. But the fish can be turned, must be turned and stopped from diving deep. Handled in this manner, the fish may be forced again to the surface, when he should be pressed hard so that he expends his last strength towing the boat until he is weak enough to be hauled alongside and gaffed.

This is one side of the story. But the fight does not always go so smoothly and easily for the angler. A sterner and far more strenuous phase comes often when the tunny, exhausted, swims slowly round in short circles head downwards, boring against the pull of the line to greater depths, or, dead, sinks slowly to the bottom. Then he becomes a terrible weight to lift. It may take hours of backaching, grinding work to get him back. The fight degenerates to a test of sheer strength and endurance. It is a grim, dull and exhausting business, too much like hard labour, and a life sentence at that, to be called sport or pleasure at the time, but it must be seen through by the angler unaided if he wishes to claim a fair rod and line capture. This lifting process—we call it 'pumping'—is merely a succession of back- and heart-breaking heaves on the rod, that raise the fish only a few feet or inches at a time by the expenditure of enormous effort. Every foot of line won is a triumph; every inch lost a disaster, for it means added minutes, that seem like hours, of this killing ordeal. The power needed to lift a lifeless fish of this size from deep water is unbelievable except for those who have tried it and suffered.

One's spirits rise and fall as line is gained or lost. At times the task seems hopeless, altogether beyond one's waning strength. The temptation to give in as exhaustion point is reached is almost irresistible, but the grim struggle must be carried on, otherwise the fish will go to the bottom and stay there. Morale sinks with the fish. But one is kept going by the thought of the triumph to come, of the personal satisfaction of landing so great a fish on rod and line.

The sight at last of the trace brings overwhelming joy. A few desperate last heaves and the fish is on the surface, when he can be gaffed or roped securely alongside to be towed to the yacht or to port. The angler drops back utterly exhausted, but supremely happy and satisfied.

Nottingham Association for Unemployed Workers is holding, at University College, Nottingham, from September 6 to 8, a three days exhibition of various activities of unemployed men and women, including examples of woodwork, leathercraft, clothing, art, and the produce of allotments. The exhibition will be followed by a Field Day with sports and other competitions. Here is an idea other unemployed centres might copy.

The Founder of Victorian Piety

By D. F. AITKEN

A reminder of the virtues and limitations of Hannah More, who died on September 7, 1833

HANNAH MORE was not the first person to think of Sunday Schools. But she was early in the field, and, within her own chosen limits, startlingly successful. When she began her work at Cheddar in 1785 the conditions there were appalling—'multitudes of poor, plunged in an excess of vice, poverty, and ignorance beyond what one would suppose possible in a civilised and Christian country'. In the surrounding villages the position was, if anything, worse. Wages were often as low as a shilling a day. In one place, known locally as 'Botany Bay' or 'Little Hell', two hundred people were crowded into nineteen tiny hovels. Adults and children were in rags, dirty, undernourished, illiterate, and barbarous. Hannah More and her sister tackled the problem by setting up Sunday Schools. The children were gathered every week in a house rented for the purpose, and taught to read from the Bible. The elements of Christianity were carefully expounded to them (beginning with the time-honoured question: Who made you?). They learned the Catechism and the Collects, and chapters of the Bible by heart, and they were thoroughly drilled in the Ten Commandments.

One thing led to another. From the beginning the girls were taught, on weekdays, 'such coarse works as might fit them for servants'. Then the opportunity was seized to collect the parents also on Sunday evening and read a sermon to them. Finally benefit clubs were established for the women, to which they contributed 1½d. a week. With a little subsidising, the clubs were able to pay out something like 3s. 6d. a week during sickness, and 7s. 6d. towards the expenses of lying in. (The women themselves insisted on a bonus of a guinea when they died, to pay for a funeral.)

The success of the schools, in spite of occasional difficulties, seems little short of miraculous. Within ten years the total number of pupils reached close on three thousand. Their influence was seen at once in quieter and more orderly behaviour. Magistrates reported a remarkable decrease in crime and litigation of all kinds. There was less gambling and less swearing, particularly on Sundays, and attendances at church rose rapidly from a mere handful to several hundreds.

Every year a feast was held on the Mendip Hills, which all the schools attended. The children were given beef and plum pudding and cake. 'As the design of the day was to prove to them the possibility of being *merry and wise*', they were permitted to sing 'God Save the King' together. This was 'the only pleasure in the form of a song' they were ever allowed. The clubs also had their annual feast of tea, and were harangued severely on the year's shortcomings. Brides who could produce a certificate of fair conduct from the curate received five shillings, a pair of worsted stockings, and a Bible as their wedding portion. The sisters were indefatigable in their campaign for a strict observance of the Sabbath. They denounced dancing with bated breath. 'Ill does it become those who attend the religious instructions of this house to defeat our labours and their own improvement by frequenting either the licentious dancing-matches of this village or the lewd plays in a neighbouring town'.

But when all is said and done, the schools taught thousands of poor children to read, and were among the first to offer any sort of opportunity for mental or moral improvement to the labouring classes. They cannot exactly be said to have developed into our modern board schools; but at least they paved the way for the education of the masses. They introduced the thin edge of the wedge, and broke down the earliest prejudices.

The irony of the situation is that this is probably the last thing that Hannah More would have wished to do. She believed firmly in the Johnsonian doctrine of subordination. People were born to their station in life, the poor dependent on the rich, rich and poor dependent upon God. She had no time for 'that nonsensical wickedness about equality'. The problem was to make the poor contented with their lot, and the answer lay ready to hand in a religion which taught the lower classes to be docile, honest and industrious in this world, as the price of a position in the better world hereafter. She taught the poor to read for

one reason only: so that they might read the Bible. 'I allow of no writing for the poor. My object is not to make fanatics, but to train up the lower classes in habits of industry and piety. I know of no way of teaching morals but by teaching principles, or of inculcating Christian principles without imparting a good knowledge of scripture'. Even the benefit clubs were not purely philanthropic, for they were used 'to back with penal statutes the religious instruction of the schools'.

Oddly enough, the schools met with their fiercest opposition from among the well-to-do people of the district, who felt that they were calculated to undermine the Constitution and the Established Order. The wife of the richest farmer in Wedmore put the matter in the plainest language. It was 'a very wrong measure', she said. 'The poor were where they ought to be, and where they were placed by Providence. They were intended by Him to be servants and slaves, and it was a shame to alter the decrees of God'. Hannah More was accused of fanaticism, of

Methodism, of sedition, of being an enemy to Church and State. In a way these accusations were right, for teaching the poor to read left the door ajar for popular education, and Hannah herself lived to inveigh against an ultra-educationist who held that there was nothing (not even science or history) which the poor ought not to be taught. 'Now the absurdity of the thing is most obvious; supposing they had money to *buy* such books, where would they find time to read them, without the neglect of all business, and the violation of all duty?'.

Hannah More died on September 7, 1833, at the age of eighty-eight. In the nineteenth century she was famous for her piety and her good works. Her tracts achieved an enormous circulation, and her improving novel, *Celebs in Search of a Wife*, was a best seller in its day. One might even erect a fantastic theory that she was ultimately responsible for the domestic virtue of the whole Victorian era. The argument would run something like this. In 1805, she wrote a book entitled *Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Princess*. The Princess Charlotte, for whom it was written, died before she came to the throne, but in due

course the Bishop of Salisbury presented the work to the Princess Victoria, and who knows how carefully it may have been conned?

But the piety of a hundred years ago has grown sadly out of fashion. We can admire Hannah More's sincerity, her devotion, her persistence in the face of every difficulty that ill health, physical conditions, and violent opposition put in her way. We can admire her steady refusal to become embittered under controversy, or to take any sort of revenge upon ingratitude. But she has ceased to be a heroine, and we admire her without enthusiasm.

That, however, is not the whole story. Hannah was forty before she retired to the country and entered on her work of instructing the poor, and already she was one of the most notable women in the land. Her earliest play had been translated into Cingalese and acted in Ceylon. Her Tragedy of 'Percy' had opened with a burst of success at Covent Garden, and set her overnight in a class with Goldsmith and Sheridan. She was elected a member of the Académie of Rouen, and her satire about the *Bas Bleu* was the talk of the wits on both sides of the water. For more than ten years she had taken her place in the best society of a brilliant age. She was a favourite of Dr. Johnson, and to Garrick 'my dearest of all Hannahs'. She reproved Boswell for his drunkenness, sat at the table of the great Sir Joshua, bandied pleasantries with Horace Walpole. It is true that she abhorred cards, and preferred a private party to a rout. Her publisher told her she was too good a Christian for an author, and Walpole rallied her on her Sabbatarianism. But she could laugh with the best, and was beloved in spite of her scruples.

All this is scattered up and down among volumes of correspondence, and memoirs, and tags of forgotten verse. But it is the side of Hannah More that is most congenial to our time, and some at least of her gaiety is preserved for us in her own letters of those earlier days.



Hannah More in 1786, after a painting by John Opie
From Traill's 'Social England' (Cassell)

*God and the World Through Christian Eyes—XVI**Man and Social Order*

By FATHER THORNTON, C.R.

HUMAN nature has always had two sides to it which we may call respectively its individual and social aspects. Each of us is an individual person, for ever distinct and separate from all others. Yet each is also a member of society, dependent in countless ways upon our connection with the rest of the human race. In considering the subject of 'Man and Society' I am going to consider the relation between these two sides of our nature, the difficulties which that relation involves, and the way in which Christianity meets those difficulties.

Man's Claim to Shape His Destiny

We human beings have much in common with the lower creatures. To some extent they share with us the two-sidedness referred to above. They also exist both as individuals and in social groups. But with us this two-foldness raises a problem which can hardly be said to exist in the lower creation. We recognise in a human personality something of peculiar value, something which has a claim to existence for its own sake and for its own ends. Further, we recognise in the individual person a capacity for shaping and controlling his own life, and a power of independent choice in thought and action, which may actually set him at variance with the society to which he belongs. It is true that these claims have not always been clearly recognised, and that there are great differences of opinion as to the way in which the respective claims of the individual and of society should be adjusted. The fact remains, however, that we are here in the presence of a problem which is peculiar to man amongst living beings, a problem which has entered into the whole course of human history.

In the earlier stages of human history the individual was firmly subordinated to the social group to which he belonged. The family, the tribe or the race ruled and shaped his life to an overwhelming extent. He imbibed its traditions, customs and beliefs and accepted its sway. This authority was no doubt embodied in individual leaders; but the mass of men everywhere accepted such leaders. Later there came a development of individual self-consciousness. In the course of European history this development became one of the most important factors in the shaping of the modern western world. This development, which reached its crisis in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of our era, determined the whole character of western civilisation in the succeeding centuries. In every department of life the social group and its authority lost ground before the growing importance of the individual personality with his claim to rights and liberties, his claim to criticise and even to rebel, his claim to shape his own destiny.

The vast many-sided process of history, to which only this brief allusion can be made, has brought us to a point where the problem of man and his social order confronts us with a new urgency and intensity. How are the claims of our developed liberty-loving individuality to be reconciled with the necessity of social order without sacrificing the true interests of one or the other? We can no longer assent to the simple optimism of those who in the last century suggested that the unfettered pursuit of happiness by the individual would promote the general welfare of all. The cement of society must be found in the qualities of the individuals who compose it. We can safely dismiss the view that such qualities can be derived from self-interest.

Replacing Individualism by Social Control

The social harmony which we all desire is, in fact, prevented by ordinary human nature as we know it. The psychologist and the novelist of today are busy tearing up the utopias of more elderly people. The collapse and partial disintegration of social order, which in the past twenty years have wiped out the old prosperous days, have given added stimulus to movements for replacing individualism by social control. In periods of disillusionment there is a very natural temptation to try short-cuts to the desired goal. Moreover a society in which science is becoming more and more the dominant and most obvious factor of everyday life will easily be led to suppose that science can provide the solution of all its difficulties. This attitude towards science is very prominent today, and will very probably become even more widespread. Further an increasing proportion of people are acquiring some scientific education; and this fact may tend to promote the view that a scientifically equipped social control can be established, in which the caprice of individual personality can be eliminated, or at least completely subordinated to a scientific organisation of society in all its forms.

It has been suggested that such a complete subordination of the individual to social control might be peacefully effected by

new scientific methods of breeding and education called 'conditioning'. Individuals would become 'robots', each one automatically fitted to fulfil the function for which he is required by the community. In his *Brave New World* Mr. Aldous Huxley has given a very plausible, if somewhat brutally frank, account of the way in which such a community might arise and of the characteristics which it might exhibit. The book shows convincingly that this particular short-cut would logically involve the sacrifice of all those higher values which make human life worth living. It would, in fact, be a reversion to the methods of the ant-heap.

Social order requires an arrangement of material things for the common good, and in this scientific organisation has and will have an increasing part to play. Without such organisation no amount of good intentions could save us from falling into hopeless chaos. On the other hand, of itself alone such scientific organisation would be a mere scratching at the surface of the problem. A true social order cannot be secured by external devices; for, as we have seen, it must depend upon essential qualities of human nature itself. It consists in a common life lived in fellowship, and the ultimate bonds of such a fellowship are not material but spiritual. This, however, does not mean that material arrangements are indifferent, but rather that in the true community these arrangements will be made in accordance with those principles of justice and equity between man and man which correspond to the whole of our nature.

Material Conflict and Spiritual Fellowship

All this, however, is immensely complicated by the peculiar position which man occupies in the scheme of things, by the fact that we are all of us both creatures of nature and spiritual beings. As creatures of nature we are products of the evolutionary process and are entangled in its great laws of struggle and conflict, subject to the pressure of desires which demand satisfaction. These desires set us apart as rivals in a competition of self-interest and in a race for possession. In a famine there is only so much bread for all, and the more people there are to share it, the less there is for each person. As spiritual beings, on the other hand, we are capable of rising above this conflict into a spiritual kingdom whose good things can and must be shared beyond the level of competing self-interest. A beautiful work of art can be appreciated by innumerable people, and common appreciation of such things may actually enhance the enjoyment of all. To say this is to assert, not a specifically religious doctrine, but rather a plain fact of human experience. Moreover, what is true of the individual is also true of the various social groups. As creatures of nature we are involved in a clash of interest between group and group, a conflict of classes, nations and races which, if left to work itself out, would dissolve all social order and exterminate civilisation.

History is the record of man's endeavour to rise above this conflict and to establish a spiritual fellowship of common interests, based upon the recognition of that which is due from society to each of its members and from each of these in turn to one another and to society. The hope of a true social order lies, then, in the spiritual significance of man. What is the essence of this spiritual principle, upon which everything is seen to depend? It has sometimes been suggested that the answer to this question is to be found in a principle of disinterestedness. This, however, is very misleading. Man cannot live by merely saying 'No' to his private interests. Our nature is such that we require some object worthy of our positive loyalty and devotion. Self-interest can be cancelled only by some more noble centre of interest, which will yield a higher and more complete satisfaction.

The people whom we admire most are those who give themselves unselfishly to some noble object or cause, such as may be found in art or science, or again to some noble form of service for other persons or for the general welfare. The cement of human society is to be found always in those qualities of personal character which are expressed in such activities as I have indicated. The conflict between mere individualism and the good of society can be overcome only through the development of these qualities which are expressed in selfless devotion.

At this point two questions confront us. In the first place, is there any object or group of objects which can properly enlist our whole interest or demand the loyal devotion of our whole life to its service? Secondly, how can we attain to a level of character which involves such a complete subordination of our natural selfishness to higher interests?

Ultimate Loyalties

Consider the first of these questions. There are many objects worthy of our devotion in the world around us. Can any of these claim the whole of our life? Wife or husband, family or friends,

creative work in a profession which corresponds to our gifts? Not one of these separately can claim the whole of our spiritual being. Moreover, any combination of such claims might in principle and in the last resort be subject to the wider claims of society as a whole. Shall we then say that society as a whole, understood as including all these particular objects of devotion, may claim the whole allegiance of our individual life? Again the answer must surely be 'No'. For if the individual man or woman is not self-sufficient and must pass beyond self-interest, the same must be true also of the society which is composed of these individuals. The limitations of human nature are stamped not only upon the individual but also upon society, however widely we understand that term. No form of social order can make an unlimited claim upon the individual; for in the last resort the individual has a duty of loyalty to Truth as he understands it or to the Good as he sees it, and the claims which these ultimate loyalties make upon him are by their very nature sovereign and absolute. Finally for the Christian believer there is the claim of God, which stands supreme, and which is to be understood as including within itself all other sovereign claims such as those which have been mentioned.

To sum up, then, we conclude that the facts of human nature require a spiritual interpretation of social order, and that there are higher loyalties to which the conflicting interests of the individual and of society must be subordinated. These higher loyalties are inseparable from those personal qualities of goodness which have social significance. Such qualities are most completely expressed in personal relationships, and this fact agrees with the Christian belief that only a Being who is Himself personal as well as absolute and eternal could rightly claim the homage of our whole spiritual response. Seen through Christian eyes the competing claims of the individual and of society can be reconciled only in the Kingdom of God, that is to say, through the sovereign rule of God over human life becoming recognised and acknowledged by all men.

The Starting Point of a New Community

For Christian faith, human society belongs to a larger order of things, which is wholly dependent upon the creative will of God and destined to find its fulfilment in Him. The goal of human life is to be found, not in the individual man nor in human society as such, nor in any of the resources of this created world. In none of these things can we find that reconciliation of claims and interests which we desire.

Created things, including all human possibilities of enjoyment, individual and social, material as well as spiritual, are to be regarded as gifts of God, which are truly ours only so far as we make them His. They yield up their treasures to us only so far as we give them back to God in worship. We can truly enjoy them only so far as we enjoy God in them. This is the standpoint from which we proceed to the Christian interpretation of social order. Under this interpretation human life is a great deal more mysterious and significant than can ever be the case under any purely secular plan. But the Kingdom of God, as thus conceived, is no mere ideal scheme set up for us to realise as best we can. Other teachers have imparted high social wisdom, and have summoned men to noble ways of life. Christ, however, actually brought the Kingdom of God down into this world, in the sense that He first fulfilled its inmost law in His own life and death, and then gave the fulness of that life to the community which He created. In this way He provided the answer to the other question with which we have found ourselves confronted: How can we attain to a level of character, which involves such a complete subordination of our natural selfishness to higher interests?

Ordinary human nature finds it very difficult to believe that selfishness can be completely removed from the heart of man. Experience of failure both in ourselves and in others tends to make us cynical as to the possibility of such a transformation, and doubtful about the practical value of a standard which demands it. Yet we cannot leave the matter there. For this state of disbelief leaves us at the mercy of all those dilemmas which beset human society today. Thus we are driven back upon those superficial solutions, which, as we have seen, do not really touch the main problem.

We cannot leave the matter there. For Christ has actually lived out on earth that life which cynics in all ages have declared to be either impossible or absurd. In Him the transformation of self-interest into selfless devotion to the will of God for man was actually accomplished. That supremely important fact, however, cannot be understood in isolation. The gospel story had a sequel. The supreme life was no solitary adventure, leaving the rest of mankind where it was before. The New Testament represents that life as the source and starting-point of a new community. This community, the Church, is not simply a company of disciples inspired by the teaching and example of their Master and conscious of His continued influence after death. Such an

account of the matter would make nonsense of the actual records and would ignore the new forces powerfully at work.

The descriptions of the Christian Community in the New Testament are of the highest importance for the problems of social order with which we are here concerned. They represent the entry into history of nothing less than a new sociological principle, a new social factor, for which we can find no parallel. The key to this new factor is not to be found in human achievements, nor in the absence of human sin and failure. No attempt is made to conceal the presence of moral blemishes, even of grave sins, which have from the first marred the course of Christian history. None the less, a new power is seen to be at work taking hold of the stubborn materials of ordinary human nature and transforming them into a new kind of fellowship. In this new fellowship it would not be an overstatement to say that the conflict of interests between the individual and society has already, in principle, been overcome.

The Finding of the True Self

The community in which the new principle is at work is described as Christ's body, because by the indwelling of His Spirit its members are His members, partaking of His life—that identical life in which He died and is risen. Through death and resurrection He fulfilled the law which He Himself expressed in the words: 'Whosoever shall lose his life shall save it'. Membership in His community means to be made one with Him in this law of dying in order to live. The actual content of the Christian life is, in St. Paul's words, 'not I, but Christ living in me'. It is the reproduction in each soul of the very form and substance of that life which our Lord offered through death to His Father, and which through that offering was transfigured. To be 'in Christ' means the finding of the true self, that which every man was divinely intended to be—through death to the natural life and rebirth into a new supernatural life.

This spiritual event is also a process, the process of salvation by which the spirit of man is transformed in conformity with the law of Christ's life and into its likeness. This process of salvation, however, in which the individual finds his true life, is at the same time of the highest social significance. This fact is sometimes obscured when salvation is understood in a way which is too purely individual. The individual Christian life can have no meaning apart from the fellowship to which it belongs, the sharing in Christ's Spirit by all the members of His body. For what is true of one member is true of all. There is a complete union of the life of each member with the life of Christ the Head, just as a man's hands and feet share the same life-blood as members of one bodily organism. This complete sharing of the historical life of the Incarnate Lord by His community, the Church, makes possible for all men a true worshipful response to God, a response which is one with Christ's self-offering. Thus they are drawn into that fellowship with God, without which all human fellowships must tend to disintegrate, because in themselves, and apart from this divine fellowship, they are incomplete fragments torn out of their spiritual context.

In the Christian view all social evils must in the last resort be traced to sin, that is, to our estrangement from God our Father. It follows that the Christian gospel of salvation through Christ includes the hope of a redeemed social order, which is purged from those evils. The New Testament shows us pictures of the process of social redemption in actual operation. But it gives us no simple cut-and-dried programme of Christian social action. It gives no list of social reforms which ought to be undertaken. It is not primarily occupied with economic remedies. Nor, on the other hand, does it suggest that if all men are drawn into the fellowship of the Church the problems of social order will be automatically solved.

The conflict between man as a creature of nature and man as a spiritual being continues. It is probably true to say that the influence of Christianity has intensified that conflict in many ways, if it has also alleviated it in other respects. The conflict exists within the Church as well as in human society as a whole. Christ did not create His community to be an ark of refuge, set apart from the real battlefields of life, but rather to be the principal instrument through which the ills of society are healed. The Church (however we define that term) cannot be precisely the same thing as the social order which all true Christians must desire. Yet the Church holds the key to what I have called the new social principle of Christianity. Through membership in Christ men and women may find their true selves in promoting a common order which is to be the expression of Christ's life in terms of human society. In such a Christian social order every genuine human interest would be truly satisfied, and at the same time would be changed into something nobler, because all would be duly conformed to the will of the one God who is Creator and Father of all.

MEMOIRS OF THE UNEMPLOYED

(Continued)

A further instalment of first-hand accounts, contributed by unemployed persons belonging to various trades, of the material and psychological effects of prolonged unemployment upon themselves and their families

XVI—'Isolated and Hopeless'—A Village Carpenter

I AM a carpenter and wheelwright in an East Anglian village six miles from a railway station and twenty-five from the nearest town. I am forty-eight years of age, and have lived here all my life. But I went abroad on active service during the war, and although I came back home again at the end of the war and have had a job in our village ever since until I became unemployed, I have never felt quite the country-bumpkin I probably was before. It opened my eyes a bit, I can tell you. And it will take a lot to shut them again before they are shut for ever. We ordinary folk were rushed into that job before we knew what we were about. We were told then: Your king and country need you! It is no consolation now to be told: Your king and country don't need you! I have not been wanted now for nearly two years, and I sometimes think I shall never be wanted again. I wasn't sacked. My employer kept me on long after lack of trade had made things difficult for himself as well as for me and another mate. My first spell of unemployment lasted eight months. I went everywhere I thought there might be the chance of a job, but they were all the same. People in the village for whom I used to do jobs after tea when I was in work found someone else to do them. I think it was on account of the insurance stamps: if they had given me the jobs it would have meant paying me 1s. 7d. more than my wages. Something ought to be done about that. I began to wonder whether I was ever going to get another job so that I could get my stamps and come into full benefit again. I had only sixteen weeks to do it in. When I got an offer of a week's work I was that pleased I didn't know what to do. But I made it last me three months: then I was told I should have to stand off. I got another job which lasted a month. Then I was told there was nothing more at present. I am living in hope because I have been promised work by my last two employers as soon as it comes along.

But my old employer is now down and out himself. He is one of the best, has been the leading craftsman and employer in our village for many years (born and bred in the place), and has always charged a fair price. But people have always considered him a bit dear, though his work has been good and he never let us do shoddy work with poor material at a cut price. I think he has been a bit too independent there: but he always paid us well and looked on us as his fellow-craftsmen rather than mere employees. A few years ago, just as trade began to go bad, a strange joiner turned up in the village and set up in opposition—what we call a 'foreigner'. But nobody bothers much now who or what a man is so long as he can get a job done cheap. This man was not a good workman himself and didn't know too much about it. His chance as a rival depended upon getting good workmen and cutting the price. The first thing he did was to try his hardest to bribe me and my mate away from our employer with a promise of higher wages and plenty of work. We don't reckon much of that sort of thing in our village. We refused. He was a bit indignant about it and so were we. It was soon forgotten, however, and it does not now appease my sense of justice to see my old employer nearly stranded and this unscrupulous interloper comparatively well employed for the present, while I and my mate for being straight are on the dole.

Congestion in the Home

In regard to my trade, too, I am up against the fact that practically all the men-folk in our village can use woodwork tools, some in a rough-and-ready way, others almost as well as the regular tradesman can. Now money is scarce, therefore, the cottager does lots of things such as repairing, painting and paperhanging for himself, just as I now do the shoe-mending for my wife and self, and my boys also do their own. It would not be worth anybody's while to set up as a cobbler in our village now. My wife is a thin, pale woman with a troublesome chest complaint and is always coughing. But she is very active for all that, and a real good helpmate to me. I don't know what I'd do without her. But she's a critic of everybody and everything, and can give it right hearty to duke or dustman, 'straight from the shoulder' as the saying is. And I get it myself sometimes, especially in bad weather when she is trying to keep the place tidy. Her one chief complaint other than the money seems to be the congestion of the cottage. When all are at home the whole day long, as sometimes happens, we fill up every available bit of space and get in each other's way and on each other's nerves. For I have got three sons and two of them are nearly as much

at home as I am. The one who is away just manages to fend for himself. He is in a grocery business in town and comes home for holidays, when he always brings a few sultanas and things with him. He says that he gets them at cost price, but is not allowed to send us any at that price, so I don't ask him any questions. Our cottage is very small for four adults. It is joined to another one on the main road and is best described as worn out, and dusty at that. It stands so askew that the window curtains have to be pinned to the wall-paper at the lower edge or they would stand out into the room and be a nuisance to everybody as well as look ridiculous. We have to keep the front door bolted at the bottom all the while or there would be a wedge of draught, dust and daylight from the latch downwards to the floor where it gapes open several inches. There is a small garden at the rear and side, exposed to the road, with an earth-closet shared by the two cottages. I have an allotment elsewhere for two reasons. Firstly the garden is too small, and secondly I can only grow surface crops on it, for it is, and has been for several centuries, the regular burying place for the contents of the earth-closet, there being no other way of disposal! Again, our cottage has no privacy from the traffic on the road beyond what we can get from six strands of barbed wire and, in the summer, runner beans. Thank God for runner beans! This is not exceptional, yet in connection with the new Slum Clearance Act I read in our local paper that our vicar at the last county council meeting declared that there was no need for any new cottages in our village!

Only 'Twisters' Get on Well

My eldest boy is unemployed except for occasional jobs. It's partly his own fault. He was a 'scholarship' boy and had four years at the secondary school. But to be quite frank he does not now care much about anything so long as he can manage to get what he calls a good time. He has just gone to seed and is apparently not concerned about it. I am always arguing with him. But he simply replies that he has come to the conclusion that honesty does not pay in this world. It is quite obvious to him that the 'twisters' are getting on very well indeed in the world at present and don't seem to be at all short of money or anything else. It worries my wife and me a bit, and we wonder where he will land himself.

Our youngest boy, however, is quite different. He served his apprenticeship at the village shop simply because there was nothing else to do. Then as soon as he was through with it and wanted wages he had to go, as the boy who is there now in his place will have to go too in a short while. It is only a dodge for getting and keeping an errand boy. He has tried hard to get regular employment, but has failed repeatedly. He is a strong bright lad, and though he won no scholarship at school I consider him much more intelligent than his elder brother. It is, indeed, not the first time I have noticed that it is not the best or brightest child that gets a scholarship. I don't know what it is. He is not only incapable of any kind of bluff or dishonesty, but he has real skill in his hands. He has made some excellent pieces of furniture and wireless sets, mostly as presents for his friends. I could hardly have done them better myself, but I've never taught him—he has just sort of picked it up. And he can read a stiffer book than I can. We feel it rather bitterly that although we know he is much the best of our little bunch he is unable to get a job. Everybody likes him and has a good word for him—but there it is.

Talking about reading, my wife and I have always liked books. But I don't read as much as I used to, unless it is something technical to keep me in touch with my trade. It is very difficult now to get hold of such books. It is true we have the County Library Scheme, but this has been spoilt for us since this economy business started. A longer period before the books are changed and no new books forthcoming are real drawbacks: the last time I went to change my books I found that out of about sixty on the shelves I had read all but seven, and these were not to my liking. As for newspapers and their confounded politics I am less keen than before. If there is anything that makes me 'see red' it is the pictures and descriptions of such things as society weddings, court functions, and so on.

However bad the times may be for us these rich people seem to have thousands to spend on dresses and banquets and every other form of self-aggrandisement. There is something wrong

somewhere and someone is just feeding us on lies. Short of money indeed! It comes to my mind the three days beating I did last autumn for Lord ———'s Shooting Party. Do you think that's the sort of work I want? It wasn't so much that I got drenched to the skin right away and had to stick being drenched through for three days on end, for I only had the one suit and it would not dry in the night. I walked, or stumbled, miles and miles like it. I had no skin left on my feet and it is a wonder I did not get double pneumonia. But it was the way we were badgered about and sworn at and treated generally like dogs. I see no reason why our helpless condition should merely be imposed upon by the gentry for the benefit of their sport. It is nothing but humbug to say that it was meant to help us. The only people they seemed to want to help was themselves. We want work, real work, and work that we are used to and can do with credit to ourselves and all concerned, not that sort of thing. I'll never do that job again. Perhaps some unemployed townsmen would like three days' change like it in the country. If so, let them have it; they are welcome. But they don't know how lucky they are in the towns. When I read or hear over the wireless about their clubs and occupational centres and all the rest of it, I wish I was one of them. It makes me feel all the more isolated and hopeless. That is what we want here. They have at least got lamp-posts and street corners to loll up against. And there's companionship there if there is nothing else. But we have got nothing at all. The clubs give them the comradeship we knew in the War, the filling of time with sensible work (not beating pheasants, but making useful things) and time for reading and games when so minded, without their being forced on them because there's nothing else to do. I would read more if I had less time to do it in. I would be glad to join any club within cycling distance. When you're out of a job in a village like this you have nowhere to go.

Wireless the Only Solace

Nearly every day is the same. I get up at about 8 o'clock. Breakfast is bread, butter and coffee. I then have a look in my workshop which I've put up in the back hoping I can find something I can pass the time away on. I walk round the garden or

down to the allotment and have a smoke. If there is nothing to do there I hang about for dinner. The afternoon is exactly the same as the morning. Tea is of bread, butter and cake and a bit of home-made jam. I smoke moderately, but much less than before, but I enjoy my pipe. We have the wireless that my boy made. I enjoy the dance bands and variety items. My wife enjoys the talks most, especially Oliver Lodge, but he does not come on much now. As for company, I prefer my own so that I can be quiet and think. Sometimes when I go to the pub for company, I soon tire of hearing about nothing else but Sugar Beet, so I come back home and go to bed.

I get 23s. 3d., one son gets 15s. 3d., and the other 5s. transitional. This is the only assistance we get. I pay rent and rates £7 15s. per year and 10s. extra for allotment. Betting is not in my line, though there's a mighty lot of it in the village. With the loss of regular work I got rather flabby, and put on fat. But an odd job soon puts me right again and I feel all the better for it.

'I Don't Intend to Starve'

When I think of the future I am simply muddled as to what to make of things. The newspapers only muddle me the more. There's always something big happening—somewhere else. One thing I tell myself though, and it is this. Suppose the dole stops, suppose there's no money at all coming in and I'm just right down and out. I don't intend to see my wife or boys starve, and I don't intend to starve myself. I've got a good pair of hands on me and I mean to use them. If I'm not allowed to earn bread I shall take it. As long as I'm a free man I shall get it, and I shall get it from those who have got more than their fair share and don't know better what to do with it than to spend it on dress and banquets for their own bellies. There may be no sense or justice in theft, but there's less still in charity. What have I or my wife and family done that we should be insulted with charity? I say flatly that though I've never stolen as much as a pin in my life—well, we'll leave it at that. At any rate I think the hardest day's work I've ever done in my life is the writing of this. What's the good of it, anyway?

XVII—'Shut Away from Everybody'—A London Fitter

THERE ARE JUST TWO OF US, myself twenty-nine years of age and my wife twenty-seven years of age. My last employment was with a mineral water factory towards the end of last summer. It was merely temporary during the summer boom for drinks. Previously I had been working with the ——— Aircraft Company at ——— where I had been employed as a fitter for two months. Before that I had worked for three-and-a-half years as a fitter for another Aircraft Company. Thinking this job was permanent we moved, about three years ago, from central London, where our friends and relatives lived, to the suburbs in the north-west in order to be nearer my work. In October, 1931, whilst employed by this company, I received with my wage packet a note informing me that my services were no longer required as the firm were reorganising the staff owing to loss of contracts. It was, indeed, a shock to me, as my previous unemployment had happened when I was a single man, but now receiving notice of dismissal I went home with a heavy heart to inform my wife of our misfortune.

My wife did her best to encourage me, and said perhaps it would not be very long before I was at work again. I agreed with her, but in my heart I knew things would be different. As a keen Socialist I have always kept abreast with the political situation, and I knew that whilst production was increasing, unemployment was also increasing which in my view was entirely wrong. However, after making my debut at the local Labour Exchange, and as usual finding it overcrowded with unfortunate workmen, I made a claim for myself and wife. My next effort was to look for suitable employment and in a week I had found employment with the first-mentioned Aircraft Company. I was overjoyed at my success, and it led me to reason thus: If I could do this, why not the others whom I had seen standing on corners of streets and outside the Labour Exchange? Did they trouble to look for work, I wondered, or had they arrived at that state where men cease to care what they endure under this system of capitalism?

Discharged with a Handicap

But I was soon to have these thoughts of mine revealed to me in all their bitterness. Returning to work after the Christmas holidays, I was given a job to do and had the misfortune to elongate a hole whilst drilling. This error was found and I was given an hour's notice. Had this happened in time of war, when aeroplanes were wanted to spread death and destruction, and skilled men were scarce, not a doubt that this slight error of mine would have been passed over. But there were plenty of men waiting for jobs outside and so I had to go. I knew that this time work would be hard to find.

Then my misfortunes really began, for after having signed at the Labour Exchange I received a letter from the Court of Referees informing me that payment would be withheld until I had appeared before them, as they stated that I had been discharged from my last employment for bad work, which I found came under the heading of misconduct. This came as a shock to me. Never before had I suffered such ignominy—bad work, if you like, but surely not misconduct. It worried me to the extent of scaring me from looking for work. How could I hope to succeed with this charge of misconduct and bad work hanging over me? Four weeks went by very rapidly with no effort on the part of the Labour Exchange to place me before the Court of Referees to allow me to answer the charge of bad work and misconduct. I still signed every appointed day and time at the Exchange. It grieved and hurt me to wait hours in a queue in the bitter cold and watch my other unfortunate comrades draw their benefit, whilst I had no money to take home to my wife, whom I had taken from a home which never knew the meaning of poverty. Meanwhile, the little money I had managed to save had gone in paying rent and food except for a few shillings. I tried desperately everywhere for a job; any kind of job and any low wage would have done at this moment. I rose earlier each morning and went out cycling each day. I covered mile upon mile in my quest for work, even seeking a meal and money off my parents, who could barely afford to give me anything as my mother had two children and a sick husband to support.

The most bitter blow of all was when I had to give up smoking. I had had to economise as it was; but when it ceased altogether I became more morbid than ever. At the end of the fourth week, again receiving no dole, I asked to see the manager of the Exchange and implored him to do something for me. He replied that I would have to wait for the Court of Referees to call me before them and until then he could do nothing. I faced the week-end with no money and no food. In desperation I appealed to both our parents for help and we received food from them and a little money which helped to tide us over for the time being.

Struggle to Avoid Debts

The notice duly arrived for me to go before the Court of Referees and state my claim. I went, but with a heavy heart, knowing full well what it would mean should my claim be disallowed by them. However, I succeeded in establishing my claim which helped somewhat to lift my burden and gave me courage to go on. I received 15s. for myself and 8s. for my wife from the Exchange. My rent is 14s. 6d. per week. I could not pay this

amount now, and I was already behind with the rent. I had fallen out of my sick and benefit society, but my landlord was kind enough to accept 10s. per week until such time as I obtained employment, so I found myself with the grand sum of 13s. a week for the two of us to buy food, etc.

Searching the 'Situations Vacant' Columns

Previous to my unemployment I had purchased on easy terms a cycle to enable me to travel to and from work. I now had to appeal to the cycle company, as I was behind in my monthly payments, to allow me to send them a little each month so as to retain the cycle, which if it had been taken from me for non-payment would have seriously affected my chances of looking for work. They agreed on the sum of 5s. to be sent each month, and these payments my parents guaranteed for me, which of course placed me further in debt to them. We economised with food as much as possible, paying for what little we had on the spot so as to keep out of debt with tradesmen. After two more months of unsuccessful looking for work the outlook became blacker than ever. I spent two hours in the public library every morning searching the 'situations vacant' columns of the daily papers and reading the news. I must state that unemployment did stimulate my interest in political affairs. I cursed the system we survived under, and determined to be more Socialist than ever. I even tried agitating some of the unemployed whilst waiting to sign on and I was quite amused with some of their ideas on the causes and cures of unemployment. Their main thoughts seemed to be only on sport. They would come into the public library and their first thoughts were to inquire the last score in a big cricket match or the results of the cup ties.

I reasoned to myself that this leisure of mine, which had been created for me by the production methods and machinery under the control of the capitalist class, could be used by me to obtain as much knowledge as possible. Accordingly I read as much as possible, books by H. G. Wells, books on economics and, as a diversion, a series of novels. I read on the average a novel a day and I was able to read a non-fiction book with more enthusiasm than I had ever had before. I made a list of books I read and tried to take notes on the serious ones. At times I could concentrate on a book until my thoughts would start working on my present plight and all power of concentration went. I would let my thoughts stray to the present order of society, the lack of the unemployed to unite together to do something to smash the present order of things, to demand the right to work and to live in decent conditions. These thoughts grew to such dimensions that I should have been more than ready to revolt against the present order of society.

I had fallen out of my Trade Union, the A.E.U., some time before, and how I wished I had never left it! As time went on and no job came in view, while the debts still piled up, I became a man of moods and I did not seem to care what happened. One of my chief difficulties was trying to concentrate. I kept fit by physical exercises, skipping and cycling, hoping that soon I should be called upon to start work as I wrote numerous applications for jobs.

A Brief Respite from Worry

In the autumn I had joined a tutorial class in economics, continuing the studies begun a year before in a W.E.A. class. The job at the second aircraft factory was over ten miles away, and I biked there and back every day, which at first left me too tired to go to the classes. I had just recommenced attendance when my dismissal came from this job. During the next four weeks, when we were getting no money from anywhere, I did not feel like going to classes and talking about economics. Practically all the men in the class were still in employment; some had worked at the first aircraft factory with me and knew I was one of the five hundred superfluous men. Later I did not want to see any of these men who were still in work.

Unemployment at this period, with no immediate work in view and each day seeming longer than the other, made me so miserable that I shut myself away from everybody. I pictured people in my tortured mind as grabbers caring only for themselves. My wife seemed to become a burden to me, although I confess now when I am in a different position and better able to review it she was the best and loyal companion and a dutiful wife. She managed on what little she had without a murmur.

Temporary Work as a Foreman

In response to one of my replies to advertisements, I suddenly received an invitation to come and see the manager. I had written after any job for which I thought I stood a chance. I was taken on temporarily as foreman in this mineral water factory. My job was to regulate the machines, to alter the pressures and the flow of the liquids, and to control about fifteen girls. The girls placed the bottles to be washed by the machines. A different group filled the bottles, a third group capped and labelled them, while the fourth group packed them in crates. The work required no engineering skill at all. The firm already employed to care for the machines a fitter who had not been properly trained, worked very slowly and made clumsy repairs. Yet he was receiving £3 10s. per week, compared with my £3. At the end of the summer season, which dragged out till the end of September, the job came to an end. The manager promised to re-employ me as soon as possible, by next April at the very latest.

This mineral water factory was situated in south west London, about fifteen miles from my home. To save money I biked there and back through all the traffic of the West End. It meant getting up at 6.30 in order to arrive at the factory before the girls, and arrange everything in readiness for them, and I did not arrive home until seven in the evening. I did not mind this at all so long as I was in work and paying my way.

During the succeeding winter, I grew as miserable as before, although now I knew there was likely to be an end to my troubles in the following spring. I still tried as before to obtain any job that was going, and sent numerous replies to advertisements, but with no luck. Postage takes a big part of the small amount received in unemployment benefit. I avoided all my friends and did not go to the classes. I just went to the library to read the papers and borrow books.

'My Landlord Has Been a Real Friend'

My landlord had given me a share of the garden through the summer. As a cockney born and bred, I knew nothing about gardening and had never handled gardening tools before. He, however, was a west countryman, employed on the railway, and under his guidance and using his tools I managed to grow something in the garden. The potatoes and cabbages I managed to grow saved us a fair amount of money. We had moved to this home in the summer of 1931, only a few months before I was unemployed. Our rent at the previous place was higher, while the landlord was a spiteful grasping kind of man. Had we continued staying at this house I do not know what would have happened to us. My present landlord has been a real friend to me and has helped in every possible way. I still owe him money for the balance of rent unpaid.

My experience of unemployment has left me with this view, that the present conditions will continue to exist so long as they are tolerated by the misguided and disunited working class. In my view it has come to this: the Machine *versus* Man. Man has endured the Stone Age, the Bronze Age and the Iron Age, and now we have arrived at the Machine Age. Labour-saving machinery has its advantages, and creates leisure. This leisure is unemployment, whereas it should be made to be a leisure for mankind as a whole to enjoy a rest and a shorter day of industrial toil. Man should control the machine; not as now the machine controlling man.

XVIII—'We would Both rather be Dead'—A Derbyshire Miner's Wife

MY HUSBAND LOST HIS JOB two years ago. That was the beginning of our hard times and it has become worse and worse for us since. He is sixty-two years old and I am sixty-six. My husband was a miner for twenty years. Seven years ago he had an accident in the pit that hurt his head. He was off sick for a long time, and when he went back he was too nervous to be quick enough for the man he worked for. He thought he had better get a job above ground; it was clear that he would not be kept on much longer at the pit. He got work on the roads and he navvied for five years. He was better for the change and we had not thought but that he would work until he was seventy. He is a strong and healthy man and a good worker. He never lost more than a week at a time in the five years of his work on the roads. All road work was stopped two years ago; since then he has done one spell of five weeks. When he was at work my husband earned £2 5s. a week.

Half-a-Crown a Week for Two People

My husband had to go to the Public Assistance Committee eighteen months ago. His unemployment money was reduced from 23s. to 10s. a week; later it was dropped to 7s. 6d.; then 5s.; for three months now it has been 2s. 6d. a week for the two of us. I have had four children; all but the youngest, a son of twenty-one, are married. My unmarried son lives with us and he pays me 20s. a week. He is a 'glazer' at a brass foundry. I do not know what his wages are; he has never told us what he has earned since he was first out of his apprenticeship, and I do not ask him. He pays me his money regularly and ungrudgingly, but he does not realise that it is only enough to keep *him*. I can barely find the rent and rates and coal and gas money out of what remains when I have bought enough food for him for the week. There is little food for us; for this reason we never have

our meals together. I buy a shilling's worth of meat a week for my son, half a pound of bacon, and I make him a milk pudding sometimes. I only have half a pint of milk a day and that has to be enough for everything. If my son were to know that his father and I have bread-and-butter and tea for every meal he would not eat what I put before him and that would not do. He must eat if he is to work. I rely on him for the rent and coal money. (We pay 5s. a week rent and £6 a year rates.)

I owe £2 for clothes which I had bought just before my husband lost his job. We do not owe anything to the grocer; we know we shall never be any better off and so we do not run up bills for food. We should eat it and then not be able to pay off the debt. I have not sold anything, for I have never had anything that I thought worth selling and there is no one here to buy. My husband cannot get casual work. What odd work there is on the roads seems to go to younger men, although some of them have only been out a few weeks against my husband's months. There are no other odd jobs going, for this is a poor town and every other man is unemployed.

My children cannot help me, although the Public Assistance man thinks they can. But I know they cannot. My married son has a young family and he is a poor thing himself, with asthma and bronchitis to torment him all through the winter. Both of my daughters' husbands are on short time and they have children of their own to feed and clothe. It is left to my youngest son to keep us in a house of our own.

Our misfortune affects us in many ways although I see to it that our son does not suffer. He does not know what the consequences are and he never will until he has a family of his own and he himself suffers in the same way. I am glad he has his own friends and can go out every evening to mix with them. His life is just beginning. The crowning wrong would be the loss of his amusements because his father is out of work. But I am sometimes forced to ask him for more money. There are weeks when no contriving will make his money and our 2s. 6d. do the work of providing for us all. For instance, I must sometimes go to the chemist although I do my best to avoid it. I have an ulcerated leg and for two years I went every week to the Infirmary. I had to give it up when my husband lost his job

because I could not afford the 'bus fares. I have to bathe and bandage my leg myself. It costs me with the greatest care at least 8d. a week for ointment and lint, and every two months I have to have new bandages. Even this is more than I can properly afford, but if I did not attend to my leg I should be in bed for weeks.

'A Changed Man'

My husband is a good man and he does a lot for me in the house and helps me to wash. That saves my leg a good deal. He gardens every day and the vegetables keep us going half the year. He goes to the unemployed centre every evening and he spends a lot of his time reading. But he is a changed man these last two years. He never complains, but I wish he would. It makes me unhappy to find him becoming quieter and quieter when I know what he must be feeling. If I had someone to talk to about my troubles I should feel better. But having to keep them to myself, as my husband does, makes everything so much the worse. We quarrel far more now than we ever have done in our lives before. We would both rather be dead than go on like this; but there is no prospect of a change if my husband does not begin to work again. He has been out of work so long now that I do not think he will get his Old Age Pension when he is sixty-five, for he will not have enough stamps on his Health Insurance Cards. We cannot afford to stamp it ourselves now that we get so little unemployment benefit. That will be our greatest disappointment, for our Old Age Pensions would put us into comfort again. At present we are miserable for want of the bare necessities of a decent life, and the visits of the Public Assistance man every month are to be dreaded. He asks so many questions and is so strict; and yet there is nothing we can tell him that he cannot see for himself. He says he does not know why our allowance is now only 2s. 6d. a week, but I know it is thought that our children could make up the loss. That is wrong. Our children cannot and it is not right that we should have to ask them to do what I know they cannot do. Their children claim all their wages and we have no claims at all. Our dependence on our youngest son is terrible for us both. If there is a harder case than mine, then it is indeed bad.

Round the Coasts of Britain



On the Cornish coast: Harbour and Merlyn Cave, Tintagel

Photograph: J. Dixon-Scott

Art

The Poetry and the Prose of Painting

SOME of the difficulties experienced in the appreciation of the visual arts, especially the art of painting, arise from an unnecessary simplification in our habits of thought about the subject. We think of certain tools and materials, of brushes and canvas and oil-paint, and we expect that the art produced by these tools and materials should be, in spite of all its variety, one art; if we admit distinctions and species, they are due to variations in the tools and materials—the substitution of tempera or water-colour for oil-paint, of paper for canvas, and so on. But there is really no more reason why the art produced by brushes and paint and canvas should be *one* art than there is reason why the art produced by pen and ink and words should be one art. Any adequate literary criticism has long since realised that the distinction between poetry and prose is an absolute one—that though the same material—words—is used, the use made of the words, and the psychology of the user, differ totally in each activity. In his recent articles in *THE LISTENER* on the Appreciation of Modern Poetry, Mr. Hugh Sykes Davies has once more reasserted this distinction in a very effective manner. What I wish to suggest now is that a precisely analogous distinction can be made in the art of painting.

These interdepartmental analogies are very doubtful modes of criticism, as Lessing long ago showed. The whole field of criticism is obscured by a free and inexact borrowing of terminology by the critics of one art from the critics of another, and mental poverty is the only excuse. There ought to be a rule forbidding critics to write about the colour of music, the rhythm of painting, the cadence of poetry, and so on. I am sure I have sinned with the rest, but my transgressions have always been followed by repentance. On the present occasion I sin deliberately, hoping that the end will justify the means; finally we may be faced with the necessity of inventing a new terminology, and then our path will once more be narrow but straight.

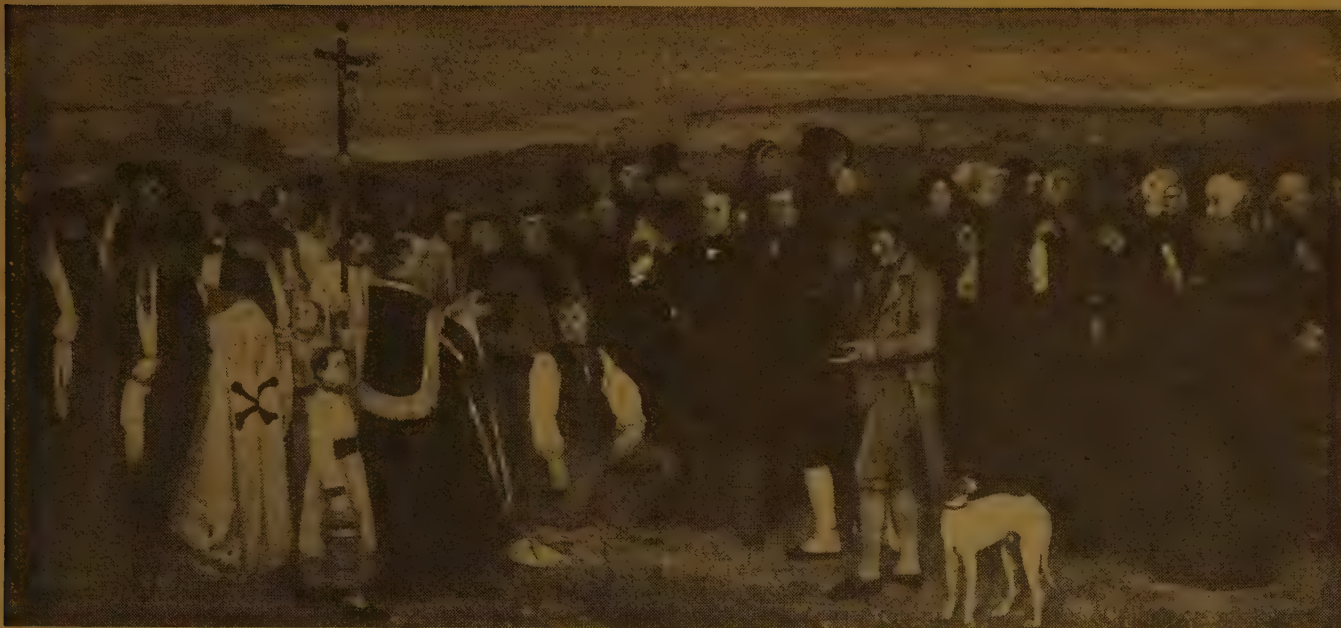
The distinction stressed by Mr. Davies was that between the magical and the scientific use of words. We may put the same distinction in a way more useful for my present purposes by saying that prose is the art of exact and economic statement of meaning, poetry the charged and electric use of words. If we wish to convey the objective nature of things, our best medium is prose, because then the words transmit their meaning and nothing but their meaning; they do not draw attention to themselves. But if we wish to convey, not the objective nature of things, but the subjective associations which words have in our minds, then we use words which are full of indefinite subtleties of meaning and secondary aspects; and such words are always poetic, though they may not be in verse. Verse is a more concentrated and ordered arrangement of such words, and we may even be tempted to use such words for their own sake, that is to say, quite independently of their logical meaning, because they have an inexplicable or magic effect which we cannot explain, but which is justified because it gives pleasure.

In the same way the artist may take up his brushes and paint with one of two quite distinct intentions. He may desire to reproduce on his canvas an exact picture of the objective world, such as he conceives it to be given to him by the mechanism of his sight. That has been the crude intention of many artists, even since the invention of a rival means in photography. But the camera, of course, is limited; it cannot render colour with any exactitude, and even its reactions to light and perspective are not quite those of the human eye. And there is still scope for the prose painter in the selection of his material, the arrangement of his objects, the invention of themes, and in the creation of what might be called a very personal point of view. A good deal of post-Renaissance painting is prose painting of this kind, and whilst it may be as drab and Dickensian as Frith's 'Derby Day', it can also be as exquisite and Paterian as a still-life by Chardin or Manet.



Poetry in painting—'Les funérailles de Phocion' by Poussin

W. F. Mansell



Prose in painting—'Enterrement à Ornans' by Courbet

W. F. Mansell

Alternatively, the painter may start with quite a different intention. He will leave to others the exact record of the dimensions and actuality of objects in space, their particular colouring and lighting. He is more interested in using his colours for their own sake, and for the sake of the moods they can evoke in association with the things he depicts. Whilst, therefore, taking his theme from the actual world, he will so use that theme, vary it and even distort it, that the final picture he is left with may be of no use as a record or reproduction of the world, but will have its own inherent values of colour, and of colour formally organised. Indeed, the painter, like the poet, may become so interested in the materials of his craft that he may begin to use them independently of all reproductive intention, just for the sake of the enchantment they convey as objects of pure sensation. This is the stage to which modern painting has advanced, and its advance has, of course, been made concurrently with analogous advances in the other arts. But in general it is not a case of one art influencing another;

it is the human sensibility itself that grows more inventive, more courageous, more complicated and refined.

The analogy between certain kinds of painting and poetry could be pushed into much greater detail. Just as poetry is subdivided into various species, such as the epic, the lyric, the ode, the sonnet, dramatic and narrative poetry, so poetic painting could be similarly subdivided. The analogies would not now be exact, but who can doubt that Poussin, for example, expresses himself in the ode, Delacroix in the epic, Giorgione in the lyrical ballad, Boucher in the simple lyric, Cézanne in the sonnet. And today, to correspond with free verse, we have free or abstract painting. But the essential distinction is the broad one between painting with a prose intention and painting with a poetic intention. Both methods of painting are legitimate, but our criticism will continue to be confused unless we bear this distinction in mind, and apply standards of value appropriate to each kind.

HERBERT READ

An Anthology of Asiatic Literature

The Oriental Caravan. Edited by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. Denis Archer. 8s. 6d.

'A REVELATION OF THE SOUL AND MIND OF ASIA' is the sub-title to this anthology which Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah has edited and dedicated to the King of Afghanistan. As one might suppose from so pious a Muslim, Islam has the first place and the editor's interest, naturally considerable in the Bible which is also a product of the religious genius of the Semitic peoples, grows fainter as he proceeds to further Asia. Thus China is summarily represented by a few examples of classical poetry, while Japan makes no contribution to 'Asia's hoary wisdom'—not even by any excerpts from the writings of Lafcadio Hearn. One does not say this in any carping spirit. Mr. Ikbal Ali Shah, like other very earnest people, is apt to be portentous. But his sincerity has long earned him the right to speak with authority on questions concerning his beloved Islam. He is, indeed, one of the few who have faced courageously the problems with which it is faced in the modern world. At the same time one must keep a sense of proportion—specially when collecting specimens for an anthology—and this Mr. Ikbal Ali Shah has hardly done.

This criticism made, one may add that there is much to attract any reader who likes going off the beaten track. The extracts from Nicholson's translation of the mystic tales of Jélal ed-Din Roumi—a thirteenth century Persian poet who lived at Konia, hence his second name—are of great interest,

and there is much in the examples of early Ottoman poetry to induce one to make further excursions for oneself in this particular section of the caravan's journey. It would have been better had Mr. Ali Shah found it possible to give W. S. Blunt's translations of the stirring pre-Islamic Arabic poetry, for these reproduce the lilt of the originals more vividly than do Sir Charles Lyell's, though their wild music can never be altogether tamed. 'Race Conflict'—a contribution by Sir Rabindranath Tagore that comes at the end of the volume—introduces a vigorous polemical atmosphere which is not disagreeable contrast to the more philosophically inspired pieces. And here is one little jewel picked up by the compiler.

Each moment when we feel alone
In this great world of rush and riot
Is as a jewelled stepping-stone
Which leads into the House of Quiet.
Within it dwell the ancient seers
Beyond unreal griefs and cares,
Beyond unreal smiles and tears
Beyond the need of chant and prayers.

To find out what part of Asia produced this lyric you must turn to *The Oriental Caravan*.

H. E. WORTHAM

*Musical Views Enlarged**Composers in the Flesh*

By ERIC BLOM

*'Many a time in later life he has been mistaken for a military man. The features that give him that appearance now were even more marked when he was a young man . . . It is hardly possible to imagine a greater antithesis between a man's appearance and his mind than that which made Edward Elgar seem so elusive an enigma . . . No idealist has ever looked so much a man of affairs. All this concerning the appearance of Elgar has been set down in deference to the interest which the public has always shown in the photographic personalities of famous men. Nothing, it seems, will radically alter the public's view of what a composer should look like . . . That is, perhaps, one of the more obscure reasons why the British public has been so slow to recognise its own composers'**

THE last of these sentences, picked from Mr. Basil Maine's biography of Sir Edward Elgar, would seem to indicate a particularly unmusicianly look in the British composers of today. The fact is, though, that the musician's professional outward appearance, even more than the actor's, has gone out of fashion everywhere. It was, so long as it was adopted, always largely a matter of freakish instructions to the tailor and the barber. Not musical creativeness of itself used to stamp the composer, but some fancied obligation to look his part. Genius does not nearly so readily betray itself outwardly as people are inclined to think, but it has long had its uniform of lock and velvet jacket, of rapt look and pained frown.

The worst was that mere talent posing as genius fancied that to affect that uniform would be to help the deception, and so it very frequently did; but it must be admitted that genius itself was not above cultivating the appearance artificially. Liszt's long mane and Wagner's Tam o' Shanter were deliberately worn to enhance the presence of artists who knew very well that they were playing leading parts in music. The composer was often a sort of serious Pantaloon whose name all but identified itself with an article of apparel.

And now? Mr. Maine tells us that 'a well-known composer resembles nothing more romantic than a railway guard'. Surely there are differences in railway guards, to say nothing of the fact that some of them might in certain circumstances actually be regarded as romantic, and they can no more be reduced to a common type than composers, now that the latter have lost their group characteristics. In any case the comparison can really be put like this, if at all, only so long as there are vastly more railway guards than composers in this still predominantly practical world. But there is no saying how long this will remain true. Now that composition itself so often becomes a procedure of matter-of-fact practice, it is quite possible that creative musicians will soon outnumber railwaymen and that it will then become truer to say that guards look like composers. Even now the chief difference would seem to be that the former still wear their official uniform, whereas the latter have discarded theirs. One French composer is said to have been for a time, not a railway guard, but a stationmaster. I have never seen his portrait, but I should give much to know whether he looked one part more than the other in his leisure hours—that is, out of both uniforms.

Of course, we have to be careful with Frenchmen. The young ones today, it is true, strike one by nothing so much as a rule as by the extraordinary Englishness of their appearance, but it is towards middle age that the racial characteristics come out, as strongly now as ever they did. Every Frenchman, at the age of thirty-five or so, begins to look quite astonishingly like a typical French railway guard or stationmaster, or failing that like a typical French composer. We really cannot be sure with any of them whether they are not either the one or the other. The only thing we may be reasonably certain of these days is that the man whom a conventional view would hardly hesitate to mark as an employee of one of the French railway companies will much more likely be a composer, and *vice versa*. The only living French composer of whom I can at once think as looking his part to admiration is Albert Roussel; but then, I have more than once seen men in the uniform of one or other of the French railways looking exactly like him, and looking, I must add for the sake of robbing the observation of all offence to either party, men of distinction, every inch of them.

So where are we nowadays, if we want to nurture our illusions about the appearance of composers? It is true that in pre-romantic times the distinction between the genius and the ordinary human genus cannot have been clearly marked either. No doubt such well set-up people as Bach and Handel in their everyday clothes looked much like burgomasters or aldermen in their everyday clothes, while poor Mozart in undress cannot have differed to the casual eye from a journeyman tailor, or Schubert from the lawyer's clerk of his day. Still, there were at least some official indications of their professional standing on the special occasions on which they were most conspicuous to the public gaze. The Esterházy livery which Haydn was required to wear may have been humiliating, but at any rate it put him into his place, and no doubt Bach wore the Cantor's clothes at Leipzig with professional pride.

That satisfaction is denied to the modern musician, at any rate if he wants to be taken quite seriously as a creative artist. For it has become slightly ridiculous for a composer to try and wear such insignia as might still have some chance of marking him out for what he is. Flowing locks, flowing beards, even flowing ties, are shunned by responsible musicians as all too apt to make the public suspect charlatanism. Ah, if only people could judge music for itself alone, and not from the composer's appearance! But they never could. Only their attitude has changed: formerly they could not believe in a man as a genius unless he looked like one, now they will not unless he looks like a solicitor, a racing tout, a retired colonel, a publican—anything, in fact, but the traditional figure of a musician with its suggestion of false pretences.

The confusion is great at the moment. We cannot trust ourselves to judge whether a composer is any good merely by looking at him. We have to go to the trouble and to undertake the much more difficult task of listening attentively to his music. This is too bad. How embarrassing, too, that it should be possible, from mere outward signs, to mistake Mr. Ramsay MacDonald for the composer of the 'Hebridean Symphony', Sir James Jeans for that of 'The Planets', or Mr. Stanley Baldwin for that of 'I heard a piper piping'.

However, this is only a temporary source of trouble. It will be cleared away as soon as we have completely discarded any notions of what a composer ought to look like. We shall eventually develop a wholly open mind which will accept a man with a military moustache and another with a bardic beard as equally likely to be a great master. As it is, we have at least got as far as suspecting the musician who deliberately cultivates singularities of appearance. It is something that we no longer implicitly trust a man who wears a stock round his neck to possess *ipso facto* a stock of great ideas, and that we regard a heart worn upon the sleeve as indicating its absence from the breast. All the same, this takes us not more than halfway. What we shall have to beware of presently is the acceptance of an artist's ability to enrich the world with fine work merely because he looks anything but an artist, now that the artistic uniform is discredited. For I do not believe that Mr. Maine is right in suggesting that such a uniform is still expected by the British public. The difficulty will rather be to make that public believe that idealists may one day again come to look like idealists without arousing suspicion. Meanwhile, those who look like men of affairs are at least helping us to make up our minds for good and all that we may hope to recognise a great composer only by his music, not by what he wears or by the way he grows his hair.

*Elgar: *his Life and Works*, By Basil Maine, Bell, 2 vols. 14s. each. Vol. I., pp. 54-5

Science Notes

Invention

The Inventor and His World. By H. Stafford Hatfield. Kegan Paul. 6s.

DR. STAFFORD HATFIELD has achieved a task which cannot have been easy by writing an agreeable and interesting popular book on invention. This subject has been too narrowly treated in the books of the past. The writers have never tired of enumerating the machines which the ingenuity of man has given us, or of describing their technicalities with maddening precision, or of emphasising, in the manner of Samuel Smiles, how worthy all inventors are. Dr. Hatfield looks at his subject from a wide angle and with other sympathies. He takes the work of the past fifty years as sufficient material for his points and gives a well-balanced survey of its ramifications in the life of today. He has a full and enthusiastic knowledge of his subject and writes with insight and vigour. He is rather hard on stupid people like politicians and business men and occasionally attempts cynicism or lapses into facetiousness. His may not be the final book on the subject, but it is a stimulating and informing account, which should be widely read. The author begins by describing what invention is and what classes of person the inventor may be. He then discusses inventive effort from different points of view. He next describes in four chapters the characteristics of the main classes of inventions: the mechanical, the chemical, the electrical, the biological. The psychological aspect of the subject—the relation of advertisement to invention, of production to marketing, and such subjects—is ably described in another chapter. There is an interesting discussion of the transformation and the storage of energy, and the book ends with an account of patents and patent law.

Dr. Hatfield has great sympathy with the 'tame' scientist, the 'mad' inventor. With all his ups-and-downs, for all his exploitation by the wicked financier, the mad inventor lives a happy life, much too varied, much too busy to be boring. He has always invented more than the sensible, highly trained members of the research staffs of the great firms and corporations, partly because he belongs to a much larger class, but partly because persons with original minds are unwilling to become employees even of the best firms. The whole fun of inventing is that it is his very own show; it is, as Dickens said of those who liked horses and dogs, his victuals and drink, lodging, wife and children, snuff, tobacco and sleep. Most of the great inventions of the past forty years have been made by the outside worker. Moving pictures, dial-telephones, television, wireless telegraphy and telephony, triode valves, air-planes, submarines, synthetic resins and safety razors are examples of this 'statement in different fields. The manufacturing firms have concentrated not on fundamental invention, but on improvements of detail. But detail can be very important. It is everything in photography and in the motor-car, and nearly everything in the electrical industries. A good example of corporation research is the half-watt lamp. It does not appear to be a new invention, but only the old tungsten vacuum lamp partly filled with an inert gas. It is precisely this improvement in detail, however, which has made it so efficient that it has superseded the other. The chemical industries, particularly the manufacture of dyes, and the photographic industries are good examples of businesses built up and maintained by corporation research.

Many intending inventors are deterred from work by the discovery that everything they propose doing has already been achieved. It is a further blow to these people to realise that even tinkering with already invented things may lead to nothing. The bicycle, for example, is apparently the final type; it is not likely ever to be improved. In the generation of electric power it is also extremely unlikely that any important change will be made in present practice. There are also many inventions which seem good in themselves which do not become popular because they offend the people for whom they are made. The classical instance of this was one of Edison's early inventions. He showed how Congressmen could record their vote electrically and so avoid the waste of time and energy in passing through a particular door. It failed, because the Congressmen preferred not to vote in the admittedly simpler way.

Whistles on kettles, although quite efficient and even necessary, are unpopular in the kitchen because the housewife thinks it is undignified to be shrieked at by a machine. There are many devices available for spying perfectly honourably on the activities of workmen which employers will not use widely because they seem caddish; they interfere with the human relation between master and man.

So much for inventions that are not wanted. One of the big inventions that is badly wanted is a way of storing energy efficiently over long periods. Dr. Hatfield enumerates and discusses the principal attempts to solve this difficult point. Capital cost, the necessity of skilled labour and the apathy of capitalists in face of these objections are the principal drawbacks to most schemes. The sun with its radiant energy, plants with their chemical energy, the wind and the waves, are all potential sources of energy which could be tapped much more abundantly if the right people were more enterprising. Until recently devices for using this energy were regarded with the same suspicion as perpetual motion machines. Every year now, however, witnesses further inroads into this golden store of energy. For it is a remarkably rich store. It has recently been computed that the annual energy of the sun falling on the earth is more than forty times that of all the reserves of coal, oil and gas in existence—reserves which are at least two thousand times the amount of coal, oil and gas at present annually consumed. If the light that falls in a year on a few square miles of the Sahara could be made available in other forms of energy, we could keep every home in Europe warm in the winter for next to nothing. Even the wind that apparently goes to waste each year has more than a thousand times the energy of all the fuel we burn all over the world annually. And a great deal could be done with tides. But 'capital cost' is the answer to most proposed schemes. Barrages cost millions; windmills must be made to withstand the fiercest gales; huge storage batteries are ruinously expensive; the transmission of the energy made cannot successfully be done by radiation and is consequently a serious charge.

Dr. Hatfield takes the right view of biological inventions, namely, that the biggest field for invention in our time lies there and that the things found in it will be of greater value eventually than those found in the mechanical sciences. The discoveries made only this century on vitamins, hormones, and anti-toxins, in genetics and in the medical sciences, have already affected for good the health and spirits of mankind; these are merely the earnest of what is yet to come. We are apt to be afraid of discovery and invention in biology because the effects come nearer home to us than do other inventions, but this fear is associated with all invention: the fear of something new, the fear that life can never thereafter be the same. I wish that Dr. Hatfield had helped to lay this fear in his book; evidently he did not think it an essential part of his task. It is true that if we are vaccinated or presented with a new invention of any kind life can never be quite the same again. It is true also that every new invention brings some drawback or evil in its train. We find, however, perhaps very gradually, that if the invention is any good the advantages outweigh the drawbacks; we find, moreover, that the real drawbacks are rarely those we anticipated. The new invention generally goes through a process of fierce criticism; its weaknesses are ruthlessly described. But life goes on, the new invention falls into place and is seen not to be so terrible a thing after all. Bicycles at one time were ridden by cads who had to dismount when a real gentleman on a horse passed by. The gramophone in the early days was useful only as a target for a half-brick. It was not till 1903 that any schoolboy in an essay would admit that a motor-car was as useful as a horse for seeing the country. So were crabbed in their day the telephone, inoculation, gas fires, the silent pictures, the talking pictures, and a host of other inventions. They have their bad points; there is no doubt, but on balance they are seen to be good. We cannot honestly put our hands on our hearts and affirm that life would be better without them.

A. S. RUSSELL

Crime in Handwriting—V

Clues to Catch the Anonymous Blackmailer

By ROBERT SAUDEK

IT has been stated that almost every day in every big American city quite a number of wealthy people receive blackmail letters in which some anonymous writer or writers threaten them that they will kidnap them or their wives and children unless the addressee pays a definite sum in a definite way. Nobody knows how frequent these cases are. The authorities can only guess at their frequency, since many citizens are so frightened out of their senses that they do not dare to pass the matter on to the police.

It is certainly true that some of those gangs or rackets often kill, injure, or 'take for a ride' any denouncer of whom they can get hold. But such brutal means of intimidation are, as a matter of fact, the exception rather than the rule. More frequent are the cases of untrained amateur blackmailers who do not proceed methodically, and are lacking in even the most primitive knowledge of their criminal profession. Their threatening letters are worded and written in such a way that an expert can rather easily discover sufficient clues as to their nationality, age, physical and mental health, or such idiosyncrasies as point to their identity, once the number of the possible offenders has been narrowed down to some definite group of suspects or to some definite locality.

We are presenting here such a case. Figs. A and B on the opposite page are a facsimile of a blackmail letter which was received by a well-known American citizen of a big town. The letter contains two pages, and its text runs as follows:

1 We are sorry to send this to you, but we know it wont
2 hurt you
3 We want 2500 Dollars for the protection of your Familie and
4 Children. And we don't want the police mixed up in it
5 If you pay this little amount as instructed, absolute
6 no harm will be done and no more letters send you
7 here is the instruction:
8 Wrap up in a square packet 2500 Dollars in 5 - 10 - 20
9 Dollars bills, no new ones, and send your chauffeur
10 to the corner of 34 Street and 8th Ave, N.Y. Saturday nite
11 Februar 25th. at 8.30 Sharp. where there is a man selling
12 newspapers at the corner right outside NEDICKS Sodastand
13 Give the packet to him and ask him to mind it for
14 a while until someone later will pick it up. Put the
15 name of A Swarts on the packet and give him 25 cent
16 tip for his trouble. Of course he don't know nothing about
17 it and before we get it, we will easy have found out if
18 the police is in on it or not, and if it is, we won't try
19 to get it at all, but we will take a ride out to a couple of
20 places on Long Island and throw a pineapple on your
21 estates there, just to show you we are not fooling, and
22 that we mean business. And then we will start
23 action, probably we wont have any luck before next
24 Summer, but we never give up, and next time we
25 send you a letter, maybe you will be glad to
26 pay 2500 Dollar. only there will be added an
27 other 0 to it, and maybe you still will be
28 glad to pay it. thank you. V
29
30
31 P.S. last warning: dont mix the police up in it,
32 if you doled cross us, well you will take
33 the consekvenses.
34 And remember: a gun has a long reach,
35 but if you do as instructet,
36 everything will be O.K. and we V
37 the
38 guarante it will be / very
cheapest for you

The reader will notice that the letter does not contain any particular information which would help us to narrow down the number of those who could be suspected of such a deed. We have to rely only on the features in the handwriting, on some peculiarities in style and spelling, or on some writing habits, to give the police authorities some definite clue where to look for the criminal.

While carefully reading the letter, we have noticed that there are strange mistakes in the spelling.

Instead of *family* (line 3), we have *Familie*;

Instead of *instructed* (line 35), we have *instructet* (though the latter word has been spelt quite correctly in line 5);

Instead of *consequences* (line 33), *consekvenses*;

Instead of *sent* (line 6), *send* (though this word has been first spelt correctly, but evidently looked somewhat strange to the writer, so that he altered the correct *t* into the wrong *d*);

Instead of *night* (line 10), we have *nite*;

Instead of *February* (line 11), we have *Februar*;

Instead of *some one* (line 14), we have *somone*;

and finally,

Instead of *throw* (line 20), we have *trow*.

Now, of all these misspellings, the one where *kv* was written for *qu* in the word *consekvenses* is the strangest. Therefore let us start our deliberations from this point.

Evidently the writer is not a born American, or, to be more cautious in the present stage of our examination, he could hardly have started his education in an American or English class. We know that in Holland, Poland and Czechoslovakia the *q* is used in foreign words only and not in the native language, and we remember that all these three countries border on Germany. To decide which of the three countries is the most probable, we have to consider some further circumstantial evidence.

The word *Februar* (for *February*), and the word *Familie* (for *family*) suggest a German writer, but the double consonant *kv* is unknown in the German tongue.

On the other hand, we may assume that somebody who could not help falling back into his native habit of writing would hardly have written *Februar* and *Familie* if he were not a German. The Dutch word *Februari* ends with an *i* and not a *y*. We may also assume that there would be more frequent erroneous interchanges of *f* and *v* if the writer were Dutch.

Suppose now he were a Pole; then he would most probably have written *kw* and not *kv*. Besides, he would hardly have written *Februar*, since the Polish word for the second month of the year has no similarity whatsoever with the English *February*, the German *Februar*, and the Dutch *Februari*; but is *Luty*.

There remains the possibility that he was a Czech, who spent his childhood inside the present borders of Czechoslovakia, but in the German part of either the previous Bohemia, Moravia, or Austrian Silesia. In this case, he has certainly learned to write German in school, but has had to take Czech as a second obligatory subject. Living in Czech family surroundings or among Czech friends, and speaking a good deal of Czech, he would have kept the habit of spelling *Februar* and *Familie* in the German way, and still writing some words which were less familiar to him in what seems to be phonetic spelling, but which would in fact be his native spelling.

If this argumentation be right, it would also answer for the spelling of *t* instead of *d* in certain words, for instance *instructet*, because no past participle in German is spelt with a *d*.

The next strangest spelling occurring in the text is *nite* for *night*. It would take a very unintelligent and uneducated American to spell in such a way; but since the handwriting as a whole is very fluent indeed, and bears evidence of a rather high intellect, and since it is out of the question that a man of such mental gifts as the writer of the anonymous letter evidently has would have scored so badly in school that he would in the same quick tempo (which means unhesitatingly and without any inner uncertainty) write down the word *nite*, we feel perfectly satisfied that the writer could not possibly be an American who has started his school career in an American school where the English language is used. There remains, of course, the possibility that the writer has attended an American school where the Czech language is used, such as are found in surprisingly large numbers still in those parts of the Union where Czechs live in rather crowded quarters of big towns like Chicago. But this probability is greatly reduced when we consider that German is so familiar to the writer that he cannot help falling back into German spelling, not only in such familiar words as *Februar* and *Familie*, but also in inconspicuous final endings of the past participle such as in *instructet*.

When examining the letter we were struck by the strange forms of some characters*:

*See *Psychology of Handwriting*, by Robert Saudek, Allen and Unwin. Pages 113 and 114

Children (line 4) shows a *Ch* with a tendency to the German form of the *H*, which is of course a long letter with an upper and a lower projection.

Give (line 13). The *G* is very German indeed, and so is the *D* in *Dollars* (lines 8 and 9), and many other characters.

Some passages show a purely German syntax: *absolute no harm* (lines 5 and 6). When closely examining this passage we notice that there was a slight hesitation in the

of typical features, such as writing pressure, size, size-proportion, the manner in which he connects the characters within the words, and the direction in which the lines run (in spite of the fact that the stationery was ruled). Besides, numerous characters are broken instead of running smoothly. This assemblage of features shows a rather neurotic disposition, or what modern psychology terms an 'hysterical personality'. It also shows, when graphologically analysed, marked adaptability.

Such personalities have always the chance, but also always run the risk, of being decisively influenced by good and bad examples encountered in their environments. This man has evidently been misled by bad companionship and taken to crime; but he is self-conscious, his handwriting does not show signs of boldness and energy and courage, nor of the urge to run risks. He is a sly, calculating, scheming creature, who would work out a plan to be acted upon by others rather than act himself. He has a good power of combination, and also a marked capacity for surveying the big outlines of a scheme. Genetically he is of a neurotic disposition, very irritable indeed, and has little self-control. He would probably be the man to direct things from some secret spot in the background, but would be too much of a coward to take personal risks.

These are about all the conclusions we can draw from the two pages of handwriting in the present state of our knowledge. Anything beyond this would be guess-work.

By themselves our statements would hardly be sufficient to trace the culprit, but as additional information they might serve, and as a matter of fact actually have served, the police authorities to narrow down the number of those who could be connected with the blackmail in question.

A few days after the arrival of the letter with which we have dealt here, a neighbour of the recipient also found a blackmail letter in his mail. By comparing the two we could establish that the writers of the two letters were not identical, that the first was of a higher intellectual level than the second, whereas the latter proved to be a particularly primitive-minded, unskilled, and in fact dull person. The writing showed that the second writer was of American extraction, or at least had learned to write in an American school, while a rather plain description of some of his idiosyncrasies and physical characteristics could also be given.

In this way the expert supplied the police authorities with sufficient evidence as to the most probable, if not certain, environment of the culprits, and enabled them to take up the matter with definite clues in hand.

In the present short series of articles on 'Crime in Handwriting' we could deal only with a few aspects of the problem, i.e., with the proof of identity in disputed documents, and with anonymous letters of libel and blackmail. But quite as frequent

We are sorry to send this to you but we have it must
not you
We want 2500 Dollars for the protection of your family and
O'Brien. And we don't want the police mixed up in it
If you pay this little amount as instructed, absolute
no harm will be done and no more letters and you
are in the neighbourhood.
Drop up in a square pocket 2500 Dollars in 5-10-20
Dollars bills, no new ones, and send your check
to the corner of 34 Street and 5th Ave. N.Y. Delivery note
about 25¢ at 5¢ drop. where there is a man selling
newspapers at the corner night outside WEDICKS bookstore
Give the packet to him and ask him to mind it for
a while until some late time take it up. Put the
name of A. Swartz on the packet and give him to send
up for his trouble. If cause he don't know nothing about
it and before we get it we will very soon find out if
the police is in on it or not, and if it is we won't try
to get it at all. But we will take a note to a couple of
places on Long Island and show a pineapple on your
envelope there, just to show you we are not fooling, and
that we mean business. And then we will start

Facsimile of blackmailer's letter

Fig. A

writer's mind when he wrote the word *no*, an uncertainty which is evident from the so-called 'perseveration' with which he wrote the *n* with three downstrokes instead of two, as if an *m* were meant.

The writer's grammar also bears traces of German origin. He writes:

25 cent (line 15), instead of 25 cents.

2500 Dollar (line 26), instead of 2500 Dollars. But in this connection we also notice that the writer must in some way or other be aware of his tendency to this particular misspelling, because in line 8 he spelt *Dollars* in the plural all right. We may assume that his attention has on some previous occasion been drawn to this mistake of his, but that he has not learnt his lesson thoroughly enough not to fall back into his native habit.

an other (lines 26 and 27), though there was space enough at the end of the line to continue without breaking up the word.

If you doled cross us (line 32), instead of double-crossed. This is not typically German, but it shows once more that the English correct spelling was unfamiliar to the writer. But it really matters very little, since we have to consider the possibility—nay, the probability—that any conspicuous mistakes in grammar or spelling are not really unintentional slips, but rather insertions well considered to create the impression that the writer is an uneducated person. It is quite a different thing with the inconspicuous slips, which are hardly ever made deliberately, and even in those exceptional cases where they are applied, are usually isolated. Those really give away the writer's nationality or some other of his peculiarities.

So far, we have satisfied ourselves, on the strength of the writer's peculiar spelling, shaping of characters, syntax and grammar, that we are dealing with somebody who as a child has learned German before he learned English; that he has, though attending a German school, at that time at least lived in Slavonic, and most probably Czech, environments; and that he has learned to write English only at a later time in his life.

The writing is comparatively quick, fluent, and shows good routine. It is a back-hand style, the downstrokes standing on an average at an angle of 100 degrees to the horizontal writing line. The writer is certainly an intelligent and versatile man; but the writing shows at the same time what we call great 'lability', which means a remarkable variation in a great number

action, probably we don't have any luck before next
business, but we never give up. and next time we
send you a letter, maybe you will be glad to
pay 1500 dollar. only there will be added an
other 0 to it and maybe you still will be
glad to pay it. Thank you.

(V)

Oh. had warning. And once the police up in it
if you doled cross us, well you will take
the consequences.

And remember. a gun has a long reach.

but if you do as instructed,

nothing will be Oh. and we

guarantee it will be very

cheap for you

(V)

Fig. B

are the cases where only parts of documents are disputed, where dates, names of places, figures and such-like data are suspected, or where one party in a litigation claims that some parts of the original document have been mechanically or chemically erased. In these cases photography and chemistry often play a more prominent part in the detection of the actual forgery than the psychology of handwriting.



Ryprost's house in Sussex, built under Edward IV and almost unaltered since 1487

History at Home

By S. E. WINBOLT

An article suggested by Miss Grace Hadow's recent series of talks on 'Exploration at Home'

I WAS meditating in my garden a little sermon on the subject 'History begins at Home', when conscience whispered, 'Practise what you preach'. 'Right', said I, accepting the challenge.

Five years ago I carved my house site and garden out of a big field on the outskirts of an old country town. Within a radius of half a mile from where I sit under a splendid oak, which must have been planted when Elizabeth ruled, I have come to realise that the land surface is so rich in history that a fat book would not contain it all. You can see by the sudden shelving off of the ground where the oak tree stands, and by the general lie of the land, that thousands of years ago there was here a broad river, now represented by a lazy ditch. It seems incredible until you look into things. I dug deep and broad for a water hole, and at five feet down found the grey clay literally packed with the remains of alders and willows and many kinds of aquatic vegetation—not fossilised, but extraordinarily well preserved in the best of preservatives, damp clay. The botany I got confirmed by a wood expert at Oxford. Now my sometime river flowed four hundred yards away into one of our few Sussex rivers, the very ancient Arun. It is a poor thing now, so near its sources in St. Leonards' Forest; but it is quite clear that in some humid prehistoric period it flowed broad and strong, at least a hundred yards wide. Thousands of years ago bones of the wild ox were deposited in its bed. Dug out of the mud a few months ago, they were found to have been converted by the action of irony water almost entirely into blue vivianite powder. Not far from them was the skull of a neolithic man with a squarish hole on the top. There can be little doubt how he came by his death. The bones of red deer, horse, and sheep represent many periods of animal life along the banks of ancient Arun; and among them the time when Saxons first cleared the banks of undergrowth and set themselves to breed horses. These are just casual items drawn haphazard from the geological and prehistoric past.

Three hundred yards away to the east—known to very few

except natives, and by most of them regarded as some old and impossible defensive trench or called 'the smugglers' road'—there curves up the hill from the old church a deep-worn way. It is quite a remarkable thing, though no one has made much of it in print, this old pack-horse track to Steyning, thirty feet deep in places; for since it fell into disuse nearly two centuries ago field drains have been trained into it, so that it now looks like some huge Cyclopean ditch. It is a wonder it has escaped being dubbed Devil's or Grime's Ditch. Nevertheless it was for many centuries the main way southward out of our town. Up on the hill there, fronting on the old road, was built three centuries ago, when James I was king, the fine stone mansion of Denne, and a big park was enclosed. The ineffaceable lines of old ditches and hedgerows which bounded them still show how arable fields were thrown into the park, where bracken now holds sway and shy troops of deer scamper away at your approach. Fifty yards to the west of me now runs the motor road, an improved edition of the macadam road made in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the rage for turnpike ways was beginning. They cut away the hill crest, and this in now the popular road to the nearest sea coast. Between the old pack-horse track and the motor road comes the third of the series, the embanked railway—the contribution of the mid-nineteenth century. So here within six hundred yards of my seat under the oak I see the evolution of our southward road communication during well over a millennium.

And the buildings of men. The old church with shingled broad spire, slightly distorted, was built about A.D. 1200, under John or Henry III. It is, of course, a little treasure-house of history. With it are connected the great Norman family of de Braose, lords of the Rape of Bramber, and the nuns of the Convent of Rusper; Elizabethan glass-makers are buried there, and their glasshouse was close by. From the church for a hundred-and-fifty yards or so up to the old market square and town hall goes one of the sweetest old-world streets in England

—the Causeway, once leading past the church across the Arun flats. At the bottom is one of those delightful two-winged houses with barge-boarded gables, built in 1609; but the Causeway can boast several houses that go back much further than that—to Tudor times and earlier, when men built houses framed with mighty oak timbers. How well they built they little knew. Even the old folk who live in these places hardly realise the priceless-ness of their dwellings.

Standing back in an orchard opposite me is a house built under Edward IV. It has been through its farmhouse period of rough usage, but has now fallen into the hands of one who knows what he is seized of. Its roof-high hall was, as usual, made into two storeys under Henry VIII; but, apart from this change, the house stands today in all its essentials of solid oak beams just as it was in the beginning. Its original builders held the copyhold land of the Nuns of Rusper, and on the death of the husband in 1487 demand was made for the heriot of the best beast. But as the wife, who held equally with her husband, survived, the heriot was forgone. From my morning bath I love to

look out on this house that takes me back to the life of yeoman farmer Ryprost of 1460.

And, last, to my own plot. In the Napoleonic Wars, about 1800 to 1815, these broad green acres were occupied by regiments of soldiers under training, and they kept till recently the name of 'The Barrack Fields'. Of this occupation I found evidence galore in the cutting of foundation trenches for my house and in turning up the soil for a kitchen garden. Bricks, glass, tobacco pipes, sherds of red and yellow bread-pans, coins, horse-bones, and bullets had their dated tale to tell. But we can go much further back. One day I saw the gleam of gold on the side of a newly-dug garden trench: a third of a guinea of George I. My neighbour brought me a coin to identify—this time a copper penny of 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster'.

But by following other mile-long radii from where I sit, I could go on for hours re-creating the distant past of these home fields. I need not quit my garden if I want converse with the Muse of History.

Medicine in the Garden

By EDITH GREY WHEELWRIGHT

EVERYONE knows those vague associations, partly traditional and largely sentimental, which belong to the herbs in the herb or kitchen garden. Everyone knows that most of them are members of a family distinguished by the properties of its essential oils in the annals of pharmacy, and that while the garden mint is not the true peppermint it is closely related to that comforting cordial. Equally is the preparation called thymol reminiscent of the culinary thyme. No gardener, indeed, can guess what even the expert can hardly explain, the complexities in the cells in all these labiates which give the 'herb of grace' its 'virtue'. But that is another story.

The raw materials of our medicines, however, often exist unsuspected in the herbaceous border and the shrubbery. Few of these medicine plants (other than the colchicum and the foxglove) are indigenous, but they have been introduced from Europe, America or the tropics, frequently for their uses, but also occasionally for some singularity or beauty of form. The Witch Hazels, for instance, of the U.S.A. are among the most desirable of our winter blooming shrubs, but *Hamamelis virginiana* is also the source of an astringent used in many preparations.

The lovely Mexican convolvulus, *Exogonium purga*, which can only be grown in sheltered gardens, is the source of the jalap introduced by the Arabians into Europe and brought here in about 1773. A much harder plant—or tree—is *Rhamnus Purshiana*, the handsome American buckthorn, source of the drug *Cascara Sagrada*. This has practically superseded our own native buckthorn in the pharmacopœia.

The ericacious *Gaultherias* are useful tufted shrubs for shady corners. One of them, *Gaultheria procumbens* is especially interesting as it yields by distillation an oil containing 99 per cent. of methyl salicylate identical with that obtained from the birch, *Betula lenta*. This oil of wintergreen as it is still called, is now made synthetically. The purple monkshood of old fashioned gardens is today less popular than its hybrids, but it is, of course, from the original species that the aconite of medicine is obtained. This European member of the buttercup order contains a bitter alkaloid in its dark little roots whose derivative, aconitine, is one of the most deadly poisons, impairing the conducting power of the motor nerves. It was used as an arrow poison by the Chinese, but the India bish comes from an allied species, *Aconitum ferox*.

An attractive border plant is *Cimicifuga racemosa*, though its relative *C. simplex* is more generally recommended. Both have very handsome, dissected leaves, and sprays of white blossoms.

These snakeroots of North America are, like the *Aconitum*, members of the buttercup family, and the former has long been employed in rheumatism. Another 'buttercup' is our delightful Christmas rose, *Helleborus niger*, once used as a drastic purgative but now happily superseded.

Colchicum autumnale, the native meadow saffron, is the parent of many lovely hybrids. Its alkaloid, colchicine, has been used in gout ever since the time of Hippocrates. It is increasingly rare in England, as so many farmers in the West have banished it from their meadows on account of its poisonous properties. The corm is imported in large quantities from Switzerland. Another valued little member of the Swiss Flora is *Arnica montana*, which can easily be grown in a rather moist or peaty soil. It is one of those composites of which it may be said that 'they tell their story best when brought near the eye', for the florets of the golden centre are particularly beautiful with finely dissected tubes and feathery styles. The colour is a clear yellow like that of the ragwort, and the leaves are whitish with long hairs. The tincture made from the plant is much used, especially on the Continent, where it is regarded almost as a panacea.

Several other shrubs—generally confined to West Country gardens—are medicinal in their native land. Such is the handsome shrub, *Drimys Winteri*, known as Winter's bark in Brazil where it is used as a tonic. The Indian *Lycium* commonly used in fevers is obtained from *Berberis aristata*, a deciduous Berberis, and from the fine Himalayan species, *B. Lycium*. Both these species are worth growing for their remarkable oblong fruits.

We have so many new and beautiful hybrids of the yellow broom (*Cytisus scoparius*) that few people grow the native plant where garden space is limited. The young twigs of this graceful shrub have long been used medicinally as a diuretic, and these with their derived alkaloid, sparteine, have survived the periodical changes and substitutions in the British pharmacopœia. Such changes have moved during the last two centuries, now in the direction of a synthetic drug built up by an exact chemical formula, now in the substitution of a new remedy for the old. But all the above cultivated plants of our gardens have in their medical properties withstood the test of time and competition, a fact which enhances their interest from a horticultural point of view.



Colchicum



Aconite

Woodcuts from Fuch's
'History of Plants'

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

Memoirs of the Unemployed

Being interested in Memoirs of the Unemployed I will venture to give my own experience in this direction. I am now sixty-one, but still active, and have worked for various employers, in various occupations, from house servant to lorry driver. In 1914 I had leave from my employment as motor driver to re-join my old regiment, the 20th Hussars, but was later transferred to R.A.S.C. Motor Transport. I returned from France in 1919, when I joined the Corps of Commissionaires, and later left to take up motor lorry driving again, on which I was employed from 1924 until 1931. Although my character will bear strict investigation I have since failed to find any kind of work, with the exception of part of 1932. Being fed up with looking for the unobtainable, I bought with my savings a second-hand motor lorry, insured and taxed it, and managed to get fairly good business with it on hire work and removals. After a few months the outlook was cheerful. I never felt better and happier in my life than I did then; until suddenly trade slackened a little. The lorry, being old, began to show signs of wear, and the result was that old and worn parts had to be replaced, which cost close on £9. I paid it, but could not pay the road tax, which was due. The result was that I had to sell up. I don't remember when I felt so downcast. Our income, even with the Means Test allowance, is very small, and rent is 15s. a week. My wife is delicate and needs nourishment. I wear the same old suit seven days a week. What an outlook for one who tries to do everything for the best, but will not beg, borrow or steal! I must be like Micawber, and wait for something to turn up.

Hackney

JOSEPH A. RIDGLEY

You opened your most interesting series of biographies of unemployed men with the statement that the subject had not been studied from the psychological angle. This is not strictly the case. The Liberal Women's Unemployment Enquiry Group conducted an enquiry last winter into the effects of unemployment on the unemployed man and his family. The interesting point is that an enquiry conducted independently has brought out so many of the same points, particularly the discouragement in the young and the stress on family relationships.

Battersea Park

LUCY MASTERMAN

It is one of the worst consequences of our Poor Laws that they have gone far to destroy all sympathy and kindly feeling between poor and rich. If this is true, one can say that luxury and poverty alike are barriers to spiritual and moral growth. Today a new problem has arisen which is unknown to your philanthropic institutions, namely, the educated poor. This new type requires not alms given without sympathy, but personal contact of a Christian nature. Could not the Churches, in succouring their children, speak with one voice and work more closely together to bind the wounds of the distressed? A conference of societies in touch with the educated unemployed would be a good thing. There is so much intellectual and moral wastage due to the uncertainty of the next meal, the need for clothes, or the need of a brief, long overdue change in country or sea-side; but we continue to drift hopelessly. Of what advantage are the Labour Exchanges and Unemployed Centres to the man of culture, to the man who yesterday was at your dinner-table or in your club? The full stomach cannot comprehend the evil of hunger. When paths are constantly trodden they are kept clean, but when abandoned the weeds choke them up; so weeds choke the mind in the absence of employment.

London, N.W. 5

GALLOVIDIAN

Your 'Memoirs of the Unemployed' should convince the country that a national emergency exists in the matter of unemployment and that emergency methods are needed to cope with it. In the first place, Government should rule that money earned abroad should circulate in Britain income-tax free. This in itself would bring many thousands of new residents and cause many millions of money to enter the country for use, and as it was absorbed and circulated by workers it would enter the income-tax machine shortly as trademen's incomes and ultimately lower British income-tax.

In the second place, Government should inflate the currency on a redefinition basis. By this I mean let them create new paper money and give any municipality through the Bank of England a sum up to, say, £100 per head, if they asked for it, for public works, such money to be of equal value with current money but to be cancelled when it returned to the Bank of England. If they ruled that no land may be raised above its 1932 value they would kill any profiteering inclination on the part of landowners without hurt to the honest.

So much for internal emergency measures. For external trade I think the League of Nations should open a bank and issue League paper money for international trade. This money should be multiple based on the mean international value of silver and gold, stocks of which should be held by League Branches in the capitals of the nations, according to the amount of international paper money each borrowed from the League through its Government and accredited banks. This would release international trade from national fears and uncertainties of exchange values.

Lastly, it is obvious that the forty-hour week must come and that it must be made international for fair competition and goodwill. Should it not be accomplished with intelligent anticipation instead of our waiting to be pushed into it through a welter of bad feeling and misery?

Castletown

W. A. WILLIAMS

Modern Poetry

I have read Mr. Davies' lucid and illuminating articles with great interest. Recognising that no judgment on poetry can command universal validity, I venture to suggest that Mr. Davies has failed to make the important distinction between 'beauty' and 'ornament'. He quotes Tennyson's well-known lines as instance of beauty. I should have selected them as good illustration of poetic ornament. Macbeth's celebrated soliloquy on his wife's death is not only sincere and simple but extremely beautiful—even linguistically. It is free from conscious ornamentation or padding, and its beauty consists in the spontaneous flow of emotion expressed in words of enchanting simplicity and music.

Furthermore, I cannot agree with Mr. Davies when he says that obscurity in modern poets should be tolerated. I admit that they have some real difficulties, and I sympathise with their legitimate wish to avoid hackneyed and commonplace expressions. But this does not mean nor justify the creation of a private symbolism which they themselves and those of their circle can alone understand. Wordsworth in his revolt against eighteenth-century poetic diction did not invent new words nor a private symbolism. He aimed, according to his conception and powers, at simplicity and thereby the attaining of maximum universality of appeal. Our modern poets have willfully limited their appeal to coteries and brought modern poetry to undeserved disrepute.

Mr. Eliot's lines on the evening as an 'etherised' patient are very effective, and, I think, beautiful. But what is one to say of one of his comparatively simple poems: 'A Cooking Egg'? Would a reader, not initiated into Eliot's symbolism, understand it? I wonder. We must remember that a good deal of Browning is condemned for ever because of obscurity.

Trinity College, Cambridge

M. A. LATIF

It is lamentable to read the defence of modern poetry by Mr. H. S. Davies. He defends it as a striving for simplicity and sincerity, lost since Shakespeare's age. These qualities no sensible person would deny to good poetry, but equally no sensible person would desire them to the exclusion of beauty. Surely, what is wanted is a combination of all three qualities, with beauty paramount. What is simplicity or sincerity, if the subject be ugly and base? In that case, why not go the whole hog? For example, may I submit as a poem in the modern vein, on the subject 'Modern Poetry', the following, purely and simply: 'Bosh'. Truly modern poetry is best described as one mark among others of the undisciplined spirit of the age.

Bradford

J. KING HAMMOND

B.B.C. Poetry Competition

Your recent attempt to popularise modern poetry receives our full sympathy. It is most important that those who write poetry today should realise what the public thinks of it. If your scheme is run on lines where the professional critic (who often cannot write two lines of presentable verse himself) is eliminated, it must serve a useful purpose.

Quite recently the Poet Laureate lamented the fact of the modern poet, ascribing this to the separation of the bard from the heart of the world. 'So many poets', he said, 'never see their audiences today, and their writings when perfected are printed in a book. Not many people have the faculty of finding poetry in a book, or reading it, when found. . . . The people, not being able to find the poet or his poetry, have devised all manner of substitutes . . . in the longing for the excitement which poetry alone can give'.

If, through the medium of wireless, people can understand what poetry really is, the followers of practical science, which fully recognises the power and usefulness of this medium of

human expression, wish the B.B.C. all success in its efforts. But in the operation of separating the dross from the metal, the greatest care should be taken to make certain that those making a decision should have a practical faith in poetry rather than an academic interest in the same.

London, N.W.3

W. P. DREAPER

Hon. Secretary, The League of Science

Unfairness to Burne-Jones?

The unfairness, deliberate or unintentional, of Mr. James Laver's criticism in his article, 'The World of Burne-Jones', in *THE LISTENER* of August 23, defeats its purpose. Why, for instance, is there no mention of the humorous drawings in the Burne-Jones centenary exhibition that show so pleasantly that their author had wit to preserve the balance between his personal charm and powerful intellect? The omission is significant. Whatever advocates of the New Architecture may think of Burne-Jones' Gothic art, the greatness of the man himself, attested by the friendship of such different men as William Morris, Gladstone, Du Maurier and Lord Balfour, is beyond dispute, so that if his work was really the mirror of an 'affected æstheticism' it could hardly have been the mirror of his own mind; and yet there are few pictures that bear, so distinctly as his, the signature of their creator's personality. The general impersonality of the persons they represent is, of course, one of the chief merits of what in most cases are not portraits but allegorical designs with a definite architectural significance. Like Watts, though for different reasons, Burne-Jones could paint pictures that may be hung in a cathedral without looking ridiculous. One of his friends, William De Morgan, once said of a figure designed for a building that it 'lacked impersonality', and it is not difficult to understand what he meant. No one was more alive than Burne-Jones himself to the unsatisfactory state of affairs that made him work on canvas in the abstract, instead of on plaster in an established architectural tradition: in fact, it was not until he began to design for the Kelmscott Press that the public had an opportunity of seeing his best work in an appropriate setting, and it is significant that the Kelmscott Chaucer, for which he drew no less than eighty-six illustrations, is now a prize coveted by collectors who are not interested in his easel pictures. Of his technique it is enough to say that it fulfilled his purpose, which is the best that can be said of the technique of any artist; that his intention was not that of Rubens may or may not be regrettable. The worst that can be said of his designs—that they are sometimes deficient in vitality—was said by the most ardent and discriminating admirer of his work many years ago; and Morris was probably right in attributing this defect to the depressing influence of Victorian habits and Victorian architecture on a sensitive mind. Presumably the pictures in the centenary exhibition at the Tate Gallery are there for those who wish to see and enjoy them; in going to see and abuse them critics are paying a tribute to their power. But apparently Burne-Jones, like Cæsar, is worth burying.

Ashford

P. A. RICE

The Problem of Evil

I would draw the attention of the Rev. C. C. Martindale to a fact in history. The tortures of the Inquisition were evidently based on a denial of his statement that the intelligence and will of man can rise superior to any amount of suffering, otherwise they were sheer cruelty. The fact that they were continued for hundreds of years would indicate that in the opinion of the authorities they were efficacious. These same authorities also did not agree that it was man's privilege to be able to do wrong. They did their utmost to stultify what Father Martindale considers a divine ordinance. If it is better to have lived even at the cost of frightful suffering than never to have lived at all, then obviously no one has the right to impose, or take, vows of chastity. Does Father Martindale agree with this? Suffering on behalf of someone is not necessarily vicarious, and it is vicarious suffering that theology has to justify. Grief is the antithesis of happiness, and on Father Martindale's own showing is not the equivalent of suffering. The addition of grief is therefore not an addition to suffering. Father Martindale's logic is unsound.

Croydon

H. C. REEVE

Milk Marketing Scheme

The report of Major Elliot's defence of the Milk Marketing Scheme published in your issue of August 23 makes very disquieting reading. Here is a new Board being set up with Government backing, and controlled by officers to whom it is proposed to pay exceptionally high salaries. The object of the Board is not to ensure that everyone in this country who needs milk obtains it in adequate quantities but to control imports and to restrict production in order to maintain wholesale prices.

In a country like our own, where malnutrition and rickets are, for large sections of the population, on the increase, there would seem to be an obvious need for a Board which would review and

revise the futile economic system which demands that such Boards as those which Major Elliot defends should be created. Why do we not press for the setting up of a Board which will examine how consumption can be related to actual and potential production until adequate consumption is secured? Such a Board would surely be far more in the national interest than these Boards of Major Elliot's.

Eggington

JOHN HODGSON

Minorities in Poland

We have read the letter from Mr. B. Long, which appeared in the issue of *THE LISTENER* of August 23. It is not quite possible to agree with your correspondent's impression of the fairness with which the 1931 census in Poland was conducted. If one wants a true picture of the way in which that census was conducted, it is only necessary to refer to the East Galician newspapers, which at the time were bristling with instances of bullying and falsification by Polish census officers who in many areas were the only ones appointed. In some cases they refused to put down 'Ukrainian' as the mother-tongue. On the farmers or labourers refusing to sign the form the census officers, in the presence of the police, threatened them with fines, imprisonment and deportation. As one of many examples, the Press reported that before the Court at Tarnopol on January 13, 1932, a Polish census officer was found guilty of striking a woman in the face, breaking her nose and blacking her eyes because she asked for a bilingual census form and put down her mother-tongue as 'Ukrainian'.

With regard to the question of Autonomy for Eastern Galicia, as pointed out recently by Sir John Simon, the Polish Government's actual obligations in regard to an autonomous regime in Eastern Galicia are derived from a decision of the Conference of Ambassadors of March 15, 1923, when the representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan decided that 'as far as the Eastern part of Galicia is concerned the ethnographical conditions necessitate an autonomous regime'. But although this decision was accepted by Poland as a condition on which she was allowed to remain in occupation of Eastern Galicia it has not yet been honoured. Sir John Simon also recently made it clear that His Majesty's Government are still in favour of an autonomous regime in Eastern Galicia.

Ukrainian Bureau, London, S.W.1

LOUISE GIBSON

The Problem of Time

The point raised by E. L. E. P. and F. A. P. last week is, I think, sound. If there are two pendulums of lengths L_1 and L_2 , such that the ratio L_1^2/L_2^2 is commensurable, then the view I expressed does not hold because π does not come in. (I am assuming that the time-honoured relation between length and period is exactly true.) In a world of chance this extremely rare possible case is unlikely to exist because rational numbers are infinitely rare compared with irrational.

Shipston-on-Stour

A. S. RUSSELL

Nineteenth Century Thinkers

While greatly enjoying Mr. C. E. M. Joad's article on 'The Confusion of Modern Thought', I greatly regret that he should have adopted the fashionable plan of belittling the scientists and other thinkers of the nineteenth century. For instance, he says that 'To the nineteenth-century physicist matter consisted of little hard lumps of tangible stuff, the atoms, lying out there in space'. Doubtless this might have been true of some of the Continental materialists, whose works never had much vogue in England, but it can hardly have been true of the abler physicists here in England. As an example, James Clerk Maxwell, perhaps the ablest of them all, when writing on *The Atom* (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1875, Ninth Edition) said 'We begin by assuming that bodies are made up of parts. . . . We make no assumption with respect to the nature of the small parts. We do not even assume them to have extension and figure'. Atoms which have no extension and no figure can hardly be represented as 'little hard lumps of tangible stuff'. Then again, Mr. Joad says that 'Modern matter'—meaning, doubtless, twentieth-century matter—is a hump in space-time, a collection of charges of positive and negative electricity'. Surely he cannot be unaware that it was another great nineteenth-century thinker, Herbert Spencer, who laid it down, forty years before that century closed, that matter was a form of Energy. Spencer—who, by the way, gave us that 'clearing house of science' for which Mr. Joad now calls—concluded that the universe proceeds from an Incomprehensible Power, whose infinite and external energy is shown to us on the one hand as matter and on the other as motion in all its forms. This infinite and eternal energy is in all of us, and has so far manifested itself in its most specialised and etherialised forms through the Shakespeares, Miltons, Beethovens, Newtons or Darwins who have done so much to exalt and ennoble the human race.

Woodford

GEORGE EASTGATE

The Enjoyment of Modern Poetry—V

The Beginnings of Modern Poetry

By HUGH SYKES DAVIES

AT the end of the Victorian period, there were some poets who, in so far as one can judge matters so recent, really succeeded in narrowing the gap between words and things, and so prepared the way for modern poetry. Here are two sonnets by Gerard Manley Hopkins, a friend of Robert Bridges, a Roman Catholic priest, and at first sight one of the most eccentric writers in English literature:

HENRY PURCELL

Have fair fallen, O fair, fair have fallen, so dear
To me, so arch-especial a spirit as heavens in Henry Purcell,
An age is now since passed, since parted; with the reversal
Of the outward sentence low lays him, listed to a heresy, here.

Not mood in him nor meaning, proud fire or sacred fear,
Or love or pity or all that sweet notes not his might nurse:
It is the forged feature finds me; it is the rehearsal
Of own, of abrupt self there so thrusts on, so throngs the ear.

Let him oh! with his air of angels then lift me, lay me! only I'll
Have an eye to the sakes of him, quaint moonmarks, to his pelted
plumage under

Wings: so some great stormfowl, whenever he has walked his while

The thunder-purple seabeach plumed purple-of-thunder,
If a wuthering of his palmy snow-pinions scatter a colossal smile
Off him, but meaning motion fans fresh our wits with wonder

THE CANDLE INDOORS

Some candle clear burns somewhere I come by.
I muse at how its being puts blissful back
With yellowy moisture mild night's blear-all black,
Or to-fro trambeams truckle at the eye.
By that window what task what fingers ply,
I plod wondering, a-wanting, just for lack
Of answer the eagerer a-wanting Jessy or Jack
There God to aggrandise, God to glorify.—

Come you indoors, come home; your fading fire
Mend first and vital candle in close heart's vault:
You there are master, do your own desire;
What hinders? Are you beam-blind, yet to a fault
In a neighbour deft-handed? are you that liar
And, cast by conscience out, spendsavour salt?

These poems perhaps are difficult—I must leave you to apply to them the principles which we have been discussing, and hope that you will understand them in their own way. If you succeed, you will agree with me that their difficulty is a necessary and proper result of the fact that Hopkins was engaged in a struggle with language, forcing it to do things which it had forgotten how to do. He is bending old words to the description of a fusion of intense feeling and intense thought—a fusion, and not a mixture. It is in poets such as Tennyson that we have a mixture of thought and feeling. Somehow, the two never become one, however nearly they are brought together. And Tennyson succeeds best when he avoids this dilemma by avoiding thought, and dealing only in feeling. In Hopkins, on the other hand, the thought and feeling are completely fused together. The experience which forms his poetry is at a stage of mental life prior to the separation of thought and feeling, the stage of intuitive magical perception which is common among children and savages, rare among civilised men—rare even among poets. There is, in him, that effect of totality, that reproduction of the whole situation which we found in Wordsworth. The sight of the candle burning indoors does not suggest the ensuing reflections to him; it is essentially a part of those reflections, which, in turn, are inseparably bound together with the candle. It is this reaching after the totality of experience which led Hopkins to do apparent violence to the English language. He had to make new words, and to find new ways of putting words together.

I say that Hopkins does 'apparent' violence to the language because, like so much in poetic revolutions, his reform consists not in the absolute invention of something new, but in the rediscovery of earlier resources of poetic expression, and in their more conscious development. In particular, his use of alliteration harks back to Middle English poetry, in which alliteration

was used as a structural device much as we use rhyme. This is from 'Piers Plowman', a description of Envy:

And as a leek hadde ileie longe in the sonne,
So loked he with lene chekes, louring foule.
His body was to-bolle for wrathe, that he bote his lippes,
And wringing he yede with the fist; to wreke himself he thoughte
With werkes or with wordes, whan he seigh his time.
Ech a word that he warp was of an adres tongue,
Of chiding and chalenging was his chief lyfode,
With backbiting and bismer and bering of fals witenesse.

It seems, in fact, from Middle English poetry, that our language has a peculiar genius for alliteration. Philologists reach the same conclusion by more exact methods*. And so this poetic revolution of Hopkins' is really a partial return to an earlier poetic form, and his renovation of the language is a rediscovery of its most intimate characteristics and possibilities.

As far as direct influence goes, the younger poets have not, so far, learnt very much from Hopkins. He has been admired rather than imitated, and indeed it is difficult to see how his intensely individual discoveries can be turned to account by any poet not very like him. There have been, certainly, some attempts, of which this may serve as an example:

Me, March, you do with your movements master and rock
With wing-whirl, whale-swallow, silent budding of cell;
Like a sea-god the communist orator lands at the pier:
But, O, my magnet, my pomp, my beauty . . .

(W. H. Auden)

The influence of Hopkins is here rather a disturbance, and the poem goes on much more happily in Mr. Auden's usual manner.

But although Hopkins' most characteristic discoveries remain still without development, he has probably exerted a certain influence on the rhythmic structure of modern poetry. Now there is a certain difficulty about the metrics of modern verse. Often I have heard complaints by readers who like to know in what metre they are reading, that they find no metre at all in the younger poets. To understand the situation in this matter, we must go back to a movement which played a very considerable part in breaking up the Victorian tradition, and in laying the foundations of a new poetry, the movement called Imagism. The principles of this movement, which are derived from the philosopher T. E. Hulme and his activities in London in 1908-9, were announced in the preface to *Some Imagist Poets*†. They are worth quoting in full:

1. To use the language of common speech, but to employ always the *exact* word, not the nearly-exact, nor the merely decorative word.
2. To create new rhythms—as the expression of new moods—and not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods. We do not insist upon 'free verse' as the only method of writing poetry. We fight for it as a principle of liberty. We believe that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms. In poetry, a new cadence means a new idea.
3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject. It is not good art to write badly about aeroplanes and automobiles; nor is it necessarily bad art to write well about the past. We believe passionately in the artistic value of modern life, but we wish to point out that there is nothing so uninspiring nor so old-fashioned as an aeroplane of the year 1911.
5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite.
6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is of the very essence of poetry.

In general, this manifesto is interesting because it bears out the view that a poetic revolution always presents itself, not as an innovation, but as a return to the true principles of poetry, which have been forgotten by its predecessors. Points 1, 3, 5 and 6 remain true of all modern poetry, and one could hardly express them better. (The fourth point, by the way, I have omitted because it is obviously peculiar to Imagism, and would take too long to explain.) It is in the second point that we find a certain difference from more modern writers.

*e.g., English is full of phrases like 'kith' and 'kin', 'friend of foe', 'pillar to post'. †Constable, 1915

If I had been writing these articles twenty-five years ago, I should probably have spent most of my time in arguing about free verse, and in trying to convince you that poetry should be written in free cadence, without any reference to a metrical scheme. But since that time, the whole question of free verse has simply lapsed through want of interest. It has been made quite clear that, whatever its merits in the abstract, it was not actually turned to very remarkable uses by its practitioners, and as a matter of fact most modern verse, and nearly all the best of it, is not free verse at all. At the same time, the mere raising of the problem, and the agitation which for a time attached to it, seem to have been enough to loosen up metrical schemes so that they often seem to be unmetrical. But this need not worry us. The truth is, that in any poetic tradition, metre tends to become looser and looser, to admit more and more licences, until the original ground plan is almost obscured. One need go no further than Shakespeare for an example. Most of us were taught at school that in his early plays the lines have regularly ten syllables, do not carry over the sense from one to another, and in every way conform to the simplest model of iambic pentameter; while in his later plays, extra syllables creep in, often one, sometimes two, three or more, and the sense is regularly carried on from line to line. The same thing happens to schools of poets, and for much the same reasons: the development of thought and feeling, coupled with an increasing familiarity with the old rhythms, create a need for newer and freer rhythms. Thus Mr. Eliot has used for a great deal of his poetry a modification of late Elizabethan blank verse, which is still analysable into the blank verse metrical scheme. Mr. Auden has used the same medium, together with stanza schemes of his own which, although they may seem rather arbitrary, are really no odder than many of the stanza forms used by the metaphysicals or Hardy. And even those poets who seem to be unanalysable—such as Mr. Spender—may very well be metrical, if only we had more exact and subtle methods of metrical analysis. It is highly probable that the Greeks would have given a very poor metrical account of the very complex choruses of their tragedies. And certainly the average Elizabethan audience would not make much of the metre of late Shakespeare. But—and this is what matters—the choruses sounded good to the Greeks, and the late Shakespearean rhythm sounded good to the Elizabethans. And as long as the rhythm of modern poetry sounds all right, there is surely little reason to complain that we cannot analyse it. If we want metrical analysis, we shall do well to go to the poetry of the past, for which our methods of scanning are adequate, or to poetry, such as that of Robert Bridges, which has been written to a definite metrical plan.

But if you are not satisfied with this, and still wish to subject modern poetry to a metrical analysis, the only principles yet advanced which are likely to help you are those formulated in Hopkins' preface to his poems*. It would be an injustice to compress his account into a small space, and I can only recommend you to read it, to examine the poems in which Hopkins indicates his own scansion ("To what serves Mortal Beauty?", "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire", etc.), and then to apply your researches to any modern poem which troubles you.

Apart from the freedom which they introduced into rhythm, the Imagists taught poetry several things which have been very useful. Above all, the insistence on concentration and accuracy were important as a cathartic for the worst characteristics of Victorian poetry—its diffusion and vagueness. I will quote as an example of an Imagist poem, one by T. E. Hulme, who, as a philosopher, has done more than anyone else to provide the philosophical basis for modern art†.

AUTUMN

A touch of cold in the Autumn night—
I walked abroad,
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge
Like a red-faced farmer.
I did not stop to speak, but nodded,
And round about were the wistful stars
With white faces like town children.

But on the whole, the achievement of Imagism was disappointing. It produced no really first-rate poems, and its effect, at its best, is actually rather Victorian—reactions so often resemble the things against which they act. The movement, however, was useful as a means of tightening up poetic expression, and of generally preparing for a more satisfying realisation of its own principles.

Before we leave the subject of the beginnings of modern poetry, and turn to modern poetry itself, I should like to mention a poet of the older generation who stands in quite a peculiar relation to the moderns, W. B. Yeats. The early poems of Dr.

Yeats, such as the popular and lovely 'Lake Isle of Innisfree', were written in the tradition of Victorian poetry. His latest poetry is essentially modern in style and feeling, although, of course, it remains intensely personal. Here is a poem from *Words for Music Perhaps*:

BYZANTIUM

The unpurged images of day recede;
The Emperor's drunken soldiery are a-bed;
Night's resonance recedes, night-walkers song
After great cathedral gong;
A starlight or a moonlit dome distains
All that man is;
All mere complexities,
The fury and the mire of human veins.

Before me floats an image, man or shade,
Shade more than man, more image than a shade;
For Hades' bobbin bound in mummy cloth
May unwind the winding path;
A mouth that has no moisture and no breath
Breathless mouths may summon;
I hail the Superhuman;
I call it Death-in-life and Life-in-death.

Miracle, bird or golden handy-work
More miracle than bird or handy-work
Planted on the star-lit golden bough,
Can like the cocks of Hades crow;
Or, by the moon embittered, scorn aloud,
In glory of changeless metal,
Common bird or petal
And all complexities of mire or blood.

At midnight on the Emperor's pavement flit
Flames that no faggot feeds, nor steel has lit,
Nor storm disturbs, flames begotten of flame,
Where blood begotten spirits come
And all complexities of fury leave,
Dying into a dance,
An agony of trance,
An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

A straddle on the dolphin's mire and blood
Spirit after spirit! the smithies break the flood,
The golden smithies of the Emperor,
Marbles of the dancing floor
Break bitter furies of complexity,
Those images that yet
Fresh images beget,
That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea.

Dr. Yeats has said himself that his 'whole poetic progress has been an attempt to get away from Victorian poetic rhetoric, and to achieve simplicity'. Thus, in the space of one man's poetic progress, we can find the whole history and reason of the modern poetic revolution. If you compare these late poems with the early poems, you will find the difference between modern and Victorian poetry. If you read the poems of Dr. Yeats in chronological order, together with his critical writings, you will see how the one has developed naturally out of the other. And if you can see that the later poetry is, in spite of its first appearance, essentially more simple than the earlier, you will understand a great deal about modern verse, and a great deal about poetry in general which you may not have known before.

My Vicissitudes

Slowly into summer holiness some men
melt, and back slowly slide into foul frost:
but I am by sudden transformations tossed
from earth to heaven, and down to earth again.
One moment finds me aloof and alien;
the next descends a passionate Pentecost:
but when I awake, the native tongues are lost,
and all is folly now that was truth then.

Is it a demon toys with me? I clutch
for safety the holy tokens, but the prize
fades into filthy witchcraft at my touch;
yet mysteries which mocking I passed by
now conquer me. Then it is unclean I,
it is I choose amiss, here the fault lies.

JOHN MACOMISH

*Poems, edited by Robert Bridges, Second Edition. Oxford University Press. †Speculations, Kegan Paul

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Testament of Youth. By Vera Brittain Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

IN THE SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE PAGES of this book there occur two paragraphs of such truth and importance that one wishes some means had been taken to ensure their not being overlooked. Miss Brittain is writing of her memories of nursing in Malta in 1916 and 1917 (page 291):

It is, I think, this glamour, this magic, this incomparable keying up of the spirit in a time of mortal conflict, which constitute the pacifist's real problem—a problem still incompletely imagined, and still quite unsolved. The causes of war are always falsely represented; its honour is dishonest and its glory meretricious, but the challenge to spiritual endurance, the intense sharpening of all the senses, the vitalising consciousness of common peril for a common end, remain to allure those boys and girls who have just reached the age when love and friendship and adventure call more persistently than at any later time. The glamour may be the mere delirium of fever, which as soon as war is over dies out and shows itself for the will-o'-the-wisp it is, but while it lasts no emotion known to man seems as yet to have quite the compelling power of this enlarged vitality.

I do not believe that a League of Nations, or a Kellogg Pact, or any Disarmament Conference, will ever rescue our poor remnant of civilisation from the threatening forces of destruction, until we can somehow impart to the rational processes of constructive thought and experiment that element of sanctified loveliness which, like superb sunshine breaking through thunder-clouds, from time to time glorifies war.

This may have been said before, but it has probably never been so well said, or the hour for saying it so ripe as the present one. 'The compelling power of this enlarged vitality' plays a leading part in the account of the War which Miss Brittain builds up from letters, diaries and memories, and from the pathetic embarrassing young verses of those years. In a sense the two paragraphs just quoted are the key to the whole book, which may be said to have two themes, the one detached and historical, the other personal and romantic, both uniting in the condemnation of war.

When the War broke out Miss Brittain—after a conventional upbringing in the Midlands—had just succeeded in overcoming the first difficulties that lay in the way of her ambitions. She went up to Somerville in the autumn of 1914 but in the following June became a V.A.D., and with two periods of foreign service and two short intervals continued to nurse until 1919, when she returned to Somerville. In 1921 she went down and entered on a life consisting chiefly of free-lance journalism, teaching, political feminism, travel, and public speaking on behalf of the League of Nations Union. The record ends with her marriage in 1925. The bulk of the book is concerned with the War and in particular with the brief valorous lives of her brother, Edward Brittain, her fiancé, Roland Leighton, and two intimate friends of theirs and of hers. Everyone old enough to remember the War will read these four hundred pages with the acute interest and emotion which is created by any truthful record of life from 1914 to 1918. The tune she plays has such vivid and bitter associations that it is quite impossible to listen to it with one's critical faculties unimpaired by spiritual agitation, and it is hard to guess whether future generations will be bored or stimulated by *Testament of Youth*, will label it good or bad. At the moment—particularly at the moment when all roads seem to lead in the same ruinous circle to the conditions of 1914—it is a book which has considerable significance. The post-War chapters, although neither so well-knit nor so interesting as the rest of the book, are valuable as an explanation of the psychology of the survivor of great tragedy, the soreness and sense of impotence which often expresses itself in a defiant egotism.

Bramwell Booth. By Catherine Bramwell Booth Rich and Cowan. 10s.

'Dismiss the idea that natural law may swallow up religion; it cannot even tackle the multiplication table single-handed'. Such was the striking advice given by Professor Eddington during the course of his Swarthmore Lecture in 1929. But before then and since not a few authorities—though, be it said, *not always first-hand* authorities in the sphere of religion, and particularly in that of the psychology of religion—have sought to persuade themselves and others that to conceive of religion as something which may be independent of revelation, and indeed of any experience of objective personal reality, is by no means to throw out the baby with the bath-water. To such challenges to the very essence of vital religion, and most of all of vital Christianity, Commissioner Catherine Booth's splendid biography of Bramwell Booth comes as a very healthy rejoinder; and all the more effectively so because it would seem abundantly clear that no secondary objective of this or any other kind constrained her to her task. Her purpose has been, as she herself tells us, simply and solely 'to manifest

the man who is my father', and this she has been so successful in doing that her volume must be accorded a place among the great biographies of our time. 'The man who is my father'. In that *is* we have the key to the whole book. Most of us under similar circumstances would have written *was*, but not so the grand-daughter of that towering religious genius, William Booth, and the daughter of his no less eminent son. Personal religion, personal salvation, personal immortality—these are the great realities which stand out from every chapter of this truly remarkable book. In its closely-packed and carefully documented, but always interesting, pages there is presented a wealth of just that kind of clinical evidence which has got to be reckoned with by the scientific student of religion and which will amply repay his most detailed study. It is our duty to scrutinise such evidence fearlessly; it is by no means easy to explain it; few will be bold enough to assert that they can explain it *away*. Two considerations render this evidence especially impressive. In the first place, every line of it carries the hall-mark of complete sincerity and actuality, whether in the delightful incidental glimpses the writer gives us of William Booth or in her treatment of Bramwell Booth, at the same time restrained yet intimate and satisfying. In the second place, it is with one of the giants among men that we are here brought face to face.

'He began when about twelve years old to take meetings for children in an underground kitchen attached to one of the Mission Halls'. 'By the time he was fifteen', we are told, 'and in spite of his frail physical condition, he was, in his father's absences, looking after the Mission, the food depots and home affairs'. Of a year later we read, 'neither the boy of sixteen nor the man of fifty-three can count on good sleep two nights running'. In a note to his mother at the age of twenty he implores her 'not to worry', and concludes 'Trust me and the Lord'. 'Love was at the beginning, and remained at the end, the spring of his life, the moving force of every endeavour', and 'to him personally the platform was always a battlefield, never a parade ground'. Father and son 'spent themselves to the very dregs of their strength, planning as though they were to live for ever, and working as though each day were their last'. 'My God', he proclaimed, 'how I detest the enemy which has wrought all this havoc! *Here is the true gospel of hate!* The hate of sin'. Such was Bramwell Booth—the man; the lover of men; the 'servant of servants'. The building up from nothing, and for the most part out of very ordinary materials, of a vast world-wide organisation, and his lifelong concern with the training of officers, characterise the statesman whose spirit is to be discerned in such sayings as 'Communities, at any rate such as our own, are not held together and managed by force of law or high standards of rectitude alone, but rather by the wise and earnest influence which love teaches'. Constant interest in and preoccupation with matters of international and national concern, and particularly a courage and far-sightedness about the War, unhappily all too rare among the religious leaders of those days, reveal one who belongs to humanity as well as to the Salvation Army. A book of absorbing interest and inspiration for the general reader: a source of quite first-rate importance for the student of social welfare and religious psychology.

Trial of Jack Sheppard. Edited by Horace Blackley and S. M. Ellis. Hodge. 10s. 6d.

Jack Sheppard goes into the 'Notable British Trials' series not because his actual trial (in 1724) was in the least notable, but because his escapes from Newgate and Clerkenwell prisons made him 'the most famous criminal in the records of English crime' and furnished themes to novelist, dramatist and ballad writer for generations after his execution. This volume—the last of the late Mr. Blackley's many historical studies—is therefore primarily a study of Jack Sheppard's career and of the legends which have grown up round it. As Jack was only twenty-two at the time of his death, his life and exploits require but a short telling, though we must admit that enough romantic incident was crowded into the last year or two of it. Jack was the typical small, cheeky Cockney; somehow (his lives do not account for it) he 'went wrong' in the course of his apprenticeship to a worthy locksmith; and a fondness for women and lack of means to support their expensive tastes combined to transform him into a none too successful housebreaker and highwayman. His greatest exploit was the breaking out from Newgate gaol while awaiting trial; this involved freeing himself from handcuffs and fetters, pulling down a barred chimney, climbing to the floor above his cell, breaking through six strong locked doors, scrambling over the leads, and finding his way down through an adjoining house into the street. The feat was accomplished in a single night, in pitch black darkness, with no tools but a nail and the broken links of his own chains. Truly this

was, in its own way, genius; in later and more humane times Sheppard might have become another Houdini, exploiting his talent for public entertainment and making lawful gain thereby. Even then, however, the Newgate gaolers made profits by exhibiting him and the scenes of his escapes; but unluckily for Jack, such escapes, however clever, could not compensate for his robberies; nor had he the knack of keeping his freedom, once he had gained it. So he went to Tyburn, buoyed up to the last by the hope of escape, through the kind offices of friends who would cut him down from the gallows and revive him before life was extinct. But the friends bungled their job, and so there was no escape from Jack Ketch after all. Thus Jack Sheppard passed from life into legend—legend which was built up by a host of writers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, great and small—but principally by Harrison Ainsworth. This part of the story Mr. S. M. Ellis tells us with great wealth of amusing detail, recording the countless stage versions in which Jack was so often impersonated by a 'principal boy'. As if all this did not give us our money's worth in this most readable and attractive volume, the editors have brought in as a kind of appendix Jonathan Wild the 'thief taker', who provides a grim foil to the light-hearted Jack, with whom in real life he hardly came into close contact.

The Spanish Marriage, 1554. By Helen Simpson Peter Davies. 5s.

The popular judgment of history, or rather the folk-memory of historical personages and events, is a very curious thing. It is at once so capricious, so inexact, so unfair, and yet is found in the end not without reason and to have a hard core of sense in it. The character and career of Mary Tudor is a case in point. The traditional memory of her is that of a figure to be execrated, the 'Bloody Mary' of the old-fashioned textbooks. Yet she was a figure to be pitied rather—perhaps the most tragic in all English history. Her nature, which was warm-hearted, loyal and trusting—so unlike the brilliant Elizabeth—inclined her to be clement, not vindictive and merciless; but her fanatical devotion to religion, which made her such a disastrous guide for her people, drove her on to the Spanish marriage, the restoration of Catholicism, the monstrous burnings which wrecked her reign and ruined her memory with the English people. Not that the Spanish marriage, unpopular as it was, was responsible for the burnings, or indeed for much of the wreckage. What was remarkable was Philip's extraordinary moderation, tact and good sense while in this country: his political judgment deteriorated the farther he receded from these shores. It was probably due to him, for example, that Elizabeth's life was saved at the crisis of her fortunes: but this he may have regretted in later years.

It was an interesting idea to have included a volume on *The Spanish Marriage* in Mr. Peter Davies' series of 'Great Occasions'; though whether it was a great occasion in any decisive sense, like Trafalgar, or the defeat of the Armada, or even the Massacre of Glencoe, may be open to doubt. It is to be regretted too that Miss Simpson has not made the most of her opportunity: too much space is given to the earlier part of Mary's life which is not relevant to the subject and not enough to the later years when her marriage to Philip, in being, had failed to bear any but dead-sea fruit. It is here that the full tragedy of Mary's life is revealed. On the other hand, Miss Simpson's view of her character is just; and her estimate of her failure is much to the point: 'Though her courage never sank, her judgment did, until it became fixed, a sword thrust into a rock; while the judgment of her sister Elizabeth, a shifting flame, preserved both her and her kingdom when the time came'.

London Scene. H. J. Massingham Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Massingham came to London in the spring, after a year in the Cotswolds, and standing on a sixth-floor roof looked down upon the 'vast miscellany' of the city which was to form the subject of his book. The chaos of architecture that raises 'gloomy blocks of contemporary flats and offices' out of 'acres of sad and slovenly streets', the 'spaces that lack spaciousness' in the shadow of 'buildings whose pose is pride' spread round him in all the confusion of magnitude. To find a focus-point in this jangle of impressions, an underlying principle in its heterogeneity, was according to the preface the purpose of the book; but Mr. Massingham brings to the task a sensitivity of taste and style that is in itself a purpose and a justification. London's past he is content to leave mouldering in the museums. 'The Londoner', he says, 'is perfectly indifferent to his own great age, and kicks the c'd of his habitation to dust if it happens to stand in his way'; and he sees the spirit of the place 'comfortlessly adrift from the stability of tradition'. The London with which he is concerned is the city, not only of St. Paul's, the Soane Museum and the Strand, but of Somers Town and Shadwell; of the parks, Covent Garden and Hampton Court, and also of arterial roads, multiple shops and the Edith Cavell Memorial. There is majesty in it and vulgarity, ugliness and charm huddled together with the indifference of complete unselfconsciousness.

As Mr. Massingham says, 'the conscious pilgrim misses London every time', and indeed to wander at random as he does is to learn more of the real London than any anxious sightseer toiling from Westminster to the Tower and back by way of the Cheshire Cheese. But one observer sees the mud, and one the stars, and one a queer mixture of good and evil that is neither; and *London Scene* is of more interest to the reader as a personal revelation than as a recipe for understanding and explaining London. That is not to say that there is no value in Mr. Massingham's opinions. His knowledge is too deep and guided by too fine a taste, and there is much in the book the more provocative of thought for the reasonableness of its presentation. The city that contains fine old buildings leaves in their very shadows 'sprawling clots of slum'. Cinema companies which turn out trash—'we are as gods creating fresh worlds, and all that we can do with our magic, our exalted necromancy, is to cast from Pole to Pole the speaking photograph of a parson saying to a girl, "you have shown wonderful devotion to your father, my dear"'—produce also the inspired interpretation of a piece of classical music described on a later page. Mr. Massingham, dealing faithfully with both good and evil, knows how to marshal his facts so that the swarming heat of Liverpool Street Station, the fetid squalor of Somers Town, loom more horribly for their contrast with sequestered, cool Ham Common. The ordered, carpet-bedded parks compare to their detraction with a single 'wild and tousled pool' at the northern end of the Serpentine. But he is, after all, most readable when he is writing of his personal experiences, such as the days of the old journalism of the *Nation*; and most vivid when he describes the odd scenes and corners of his own affection. The nice distinctions between the various parks, the 'exquisite melancholy' of Chiswick House, the coming of the swifts, the gulls at Hammersmith Bridge, and the first signs of spring piercing a London February: these are given us with a beautiful exactness of phrase and observation. The conclusions which he draws, and the wisdom he distils, from this great Caledonian Market of a city, should convey much of the spirit of London to its citizens at home and abroad; to any reader from any quarter of the earth they bring a fine piece of prose-writing to a worthy culmination.

The Plain Man Seeks for God

By Henry P. Van Dusen. Scribners. 8s. 6d.

In the first part of this very readable book Mr. Van Dusen offers an interesting examination of the present-day attitude of 'the plain man' towards religion in general and Christianity in particular. The picture he paints is one of intellectual perplexity and confusion and widespread superficial scepticism. The man in the street has an intense and naïve faith in science, its interests, methods, and achievements; and is either indifferent to or suspicious of any sphere of reality beyond the view of science. Yet at the same time, thinking people are beginning to realise that science itself has no adequate interpretation of life and the universe to offer. The foundations of Naturalism and Materialism have been undermined. Humanism is losing its hold. How, then, is 'the plain man' to be helped to find his way back to the more satisfying standpoint of religious faith?

In the second half of the book, Mr. Van Dusen sets himself to build up an argument, by the inductive method (which is the method of science itself), for belief in God; reasoning from the facts of order and beauty in the natural world, and the appreciation of moral values in human experience. Suddenly, however, at the conclusion of this section he bends back upon his own argument. Suggesting, very rightly, that the plain man is not likely to reach religious conviction by such a method at all, he contends that, not logic, but direct religious experience is the road to certainty.

If a living God is to become real in a man's life, God must be known by him, not as the outcome of a long process of intensive study, but in some far more immediate and vital manner. God must appear as a clear and certain reality, an original and unmistakable fact of life. . . . God touches our lives through every variant of the experience of the highest; through the structure of truth as fidelity, through the gift of beauty as loveliness, through the ideal of purity as holiness, through the claim of the right as excellence, through the grace of human comradeship as love. . . . And God touches our lives more immediately, more intimately through personal commerce—as Companion and as Critic and as Deliverer.

The scope of the book is ambitious, perhaps too ambitious. Here and there it contains striking and impressive passages. But one cannot help feeling that at several points there is a vagueness and looseness in the author's thinking, which is reflected in the style. He is fond of large generalisations, which do not always carry conviction to the reader. But the real weakness of the book lies in the author's inability to accept the full Christian idea of revelation. It is significant that there are only the scantiest references to Christ as the Revealer and 'express image' of God. And it is vain to try and erect a satisfactory Christian philosophy upon insecure foundations. If Mr. Van Dusen had a stronger sense of the supernatural element in religion, he would be better able to help his readers to obtain that certainty which he rightly holds to be the chief lack in the religious outlook of our time.

New Novels

The Foster-Mother. By Martin Armstrong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Partners. By John Lovegood. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. *Vanessa.* By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THESE three novels are all more than usually ambitious. Mr. Armstrong deals with primitive subterranean passions, the action of his story evokes a constant feeling of latent danger, and there is a threat of murder in the air. Mr. Lovegood's theme is love and death, or rather the mystical fulfilment that he guesses at in these experiences. *Vanessa* is the fourth and last volume in Mr. Walpole's Herries chronicle, which deals with the fortunes of a Cumberland family in its various ramifications for almost three hundred years. All three novels are remarkable in some way: Mr. Armstrong's for the strict logical development of its theme, Mr. Lovegood's for the passion with which it grapples with a great subject, and Mr. Walpole's for the sheer size of the canvas that it fills. Of the three novelists Mr. Armstrong has attempted least and has achieved most successfully what he set out to do, and so his book leaves the deepest impression upon one. Mr. Lovegood gives one a vivid but confused and unsatisfactory feeling, and Mr. Walpole a sense that everything shifts, everything fades, including his picture of that process. It is a truism that things which are well and solidly fashioned will last longer than those put together loosely or awkwardly; and this applies to a book as much as to a wall or a house. Mr. Armstrong's story resembles a figure cut out of a single piece of stone; the carving may not be perfect, yet it is sufficiently workmanlike for the main bold outlines to be seen. Mr. Lovegood has attempted a sculptural group; some of the figures are completely finished, others are in a tentative state, and the plastic relations between them are imperfectly worked out. Mr. Walpole has tried to set up a whole cathedral, but parts of it are already showing signs of dilapidation, and this latest up-to-date addition is clearly of the same material, pleasant as it is to contemplate.

The Foster-Mother is in essence a study of the gradual and involuntary progress in evil of a middle-aged woman, Mrs. Mardle, after she is given the charge of her foster-child, Judith Swift. Judith and her brother Tom were left orphans when they were young children. Tom is cool, independent, resourceful and charming, and he soon wins his foster-mother's respect and affection. But Judith shrinks from her, and when Tom goes away to school is left completely at her mercy. Mrs. Mardle is not a bad woman; she acts for the best according to her lights, and is resolved at least to make Judith learn how to count; but the harder she tries, the more strongly she applies pressure on the girl, the more stupid, or perverse, or obstinate—she cannot tell which—Judith becomes. She resolves to bend the girl's will; duty and inclination alike drive her to this course. Presently she begins to hate the very sight of the girl, and yet she cannot leave her alone; finally she does not know whether the painful situation is the girl's fault or her own. Mr. Armstrong has described the whole development of this impossible state of things with the most admirable skill and truth. As an account of the gradual growth of an obsession the story is convincing and impressive. The stages in that process are inevitable, because both the parties, Mrs. Mardle and Judith, are intellectually blind and therefore helpless. Sometimes, it is true, Mrs. Mardle doubts whether she is acting rightly; she has heart-searchings and stabs of conscience; but there is no means by which she can tell who is in the wrong, and her whole nature cries out that it is not she. She suffers almost as much as her victim, and in a more painful way, for she is old, unloved and suspicious, and she cannot help it: she too is a victim. At last she has a stroke, and Judith, now a young woman, is delivered from her torture.

This summary may give the impression that the story is an excerpt from a psychologist's case-book rather than a work of imagination, but if so it is quite misleading. Mrs. Mardle is a repulsive figure, but she is also a very pathetic and moving one. Her suspicion, her harshness, her cruelty are all involuntary; she can no more help them than she can help her ugliness. She is spiritually blind and horribly afraid of her impulses, and yet it is not in her power to withstand them. We are relieved when she dies, and yet we pity her. Only a writer of real largeness and magnanimity of imagination could have made us feel that. The one grave fault of the story is a too heavy underlining of its grimness; the number of times that the word 'sombre' recurs is exasperating, and nature is called upon somewhat too lavishly to tinge still deeper a gloom that is deep enough in itself. But in spite of this fault, which sometimes gives the style a slightly second-hand appearance, the story remains a genuine and impressive piece of imagination, not of the first rank, but solid and workmanlike throughout.

Mr. Lovegood's story, *The Partners*, raises a number of questions. It is not, like *The Foster-Mother*, merely a novel; it is

an attempt as well to provide a mystical justification for existence, a special justification determined by a special kind of mysticism which to the present reviewer at least does not seem to be a valid one. Vera Lawson, the wife of a wealthy and hustling Australian business-man, has a chance sexual encounter with a wandering gold prospector who is in her husband's pay. The affair is short, intense and exclusively sensual; but it is also for Vera a spiritual experience, and apparently the most satisfactory one she has ever had. The man, Tim Kennedy, afterwards leaves with her unsuspecting husband for a new gold-field out in the bush. There, while he is brooding half-unconsciously over some way of murdering his employer, retribution overtakes him and he dies of the bite of a death adder. Lawson wanders about in the bush for a time, half insane with thirst and fear, until at last the illumination of death breaks upon him:

His wide-open, blood-suffused eyes stared blankly into the glare of the setting sun. He saw the plain once more, which he had known in its vast sameness for all eternity, and the pulsing orb of the setting sun already fluttered as it sank beneath the horizon's edge. Though the vision of his eyes was dim, by that other light, he perceived earth and sky and all things in them waking from their rapt slumber. God, that had slept spellbound for so long, was no longer separate and distinct, for in his heart the sacrifice was almost completed, where life, in its last oblation, offered its bodily form to the reality that was awakening.

In short, Mr. Lovegood tries in this book to pierce to the ultimate meaning of two universal experiences, love and death. His attempt is a sincere and brave one; but one feels that he has not gone the right way about it, both because of his method (he tries to seize the meaning of existence by violence) and because he has a particular, almost sectarian, attitude to life and death, and to love in particular, which has little resemblance to the universal human one. He is a propagandist in something of D. H. Lawrence's manner, though less explicit; and the consequence is that he arbitrarily twists things such as love to make them conform to what he would like them to be. What he would like love to be is apparently a thing purely earthly and sensual; and his mysticism here is the mysticism of salvation through the flesh, through sex as a specialised experience stripped of its traditional associations and of everything but itself as an 'ultimate'. The other ultimate is death; and by balancing these against each other Mr. Lovegood seeks to justify both and to affirm existence at its points of most intense pleasure and pain. But what he has actually justified is his own idea of love and death. There are writers who can affirm life only after having shaped it in their minds to their own wishes. Nietzsche was of this class of writers; so was Lawrence; and so is Mr. Lovegood. The problem of affirmation exists for them as a real and important problem; and the necessity for affirmation is so urgent that it takes precedence of everything else, including truth to human experience.

So Mr. Lovegood has not succeeded in rising to his theme; instead he has insensibly reduced it to more manageable dimensions. Apart from this, however, his book is interesting for the intense vividness of certain of the scenes. The description of Kennedy's death from snake-bite is almost painfully moving. Lawson's wanderings through the bush are superbly described, except when Mr. Lovegood ascribes to him feelings that proceed rather from a particular idiosyncratic conception of the emotions than from experience. The energy and passion of the book also raise it high above the level of satisfied competence. It is not successful, but it is an unusually brave attempt, and an interesting one.

Vanessa is the last volume of Mr. Walpole's stupendous work on the Herries family, and conducts the survivors to 1932. Its sheer length and comprehensiveness and the trained skill that has sustained it throughout entitle it to respect. In a prefatory letter Mr. Walpole writes: 'I am, as I write the last lines of *Vanessa*, saying good-bye to work that has been, for the last six years, my constant preoccupation'. It is obvious that the writing of the book must have given many hours of deep pleasure to Mr. Walpole, for one can get a reflection of that pleasure in the reading; and there are certainly many people who will be grateful to him for Judith, Vanessa and the rest. Yet the Herries chronicle is perhaps remarkable more as a feat than as a book. It does not contain much of Mr. Walpole's best, and there is far more virtue in *Mr. Perrin* and *Mr. Traill*, one feels, than in all of it.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Sea Wall*, by L. A. G. Strong (Gollancz). *Glory*, by Francis Stuart (Gollancz). *The Gowlie Storm*, by N. Brysson Morrison (Collins). All 7s. 6d.